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NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

We have had in preparation for some time a large panoramic view of the ruins of the Great Boston Fire, which is intended to be presented gratuitously as a Supplement to this paper. The death of Mr. Greeley has compelled us to devote all our available space to the incidents connected with that sad event. We beg the indulgence of our readers under the circumstances, and assure them that the Boston Supplement will appear next week, and that it will be the most perfect of its kind ever issued.

J. F. SMITH'S NEW NOVEL,
"HARD TO WIN."

ALL lovers of a really good novel, by one who for years has commanded the interest of readers of English fiction, in a serial form, will be delighted at the announcement of a new novel by J. F. SMITH. The popularity of the London Journal is due, in no small degree, to his powerful novels, such as "Minnegrey," "Stanfield Hall," "Woman and Her Master," "Amy Lawrence." Since he has come to reside among us, the CHIMNEY CORNER has fortunately secured from his pen a novel of English and American life. This striking and deeply interesting tale, entitled, "Hard to Win," will begin in No. 396 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, which will appear next Monday. It cannot fail to please, and needs no further commendation on our part, the constant success of the author making any commonplace encomium useless. It is a sterling novel by a writer of known and acknowledged ability.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

EVERY now and then Mr. Bergh's persecutors break out in a fresh spot. Of late, some of them have clamored in print that his continuance in the position which he holds must end in ruin to this noble Society. When Mr. Bergh, about seven years ago, conceived the adoption of his humanitarian scheme among us, it was the first of the kind on this continent. Mr. Bergh is a man of wealth, who, by contributing his time and money, inspired wholly by high motives, formed the Society, and secured the charter and legislation under which it exists.

We propose to consider several interesting matters connected with this Association—the parent of which has existed in England for more than fifty years, but whose scope Mr. Bergh has amplified by legislative enactments, which are grafted in Canada on the British Society. The Canadians have also adopted the same shield worn by Mr. Bergh as his badge of authority as an officer, which compliment is no higher than the philanthropist merits.

Before entering upon the general subject of this article, we will allude to another personal fact, in the light of which Mr. Bergh shines pre-eminently. It is this: By constant efforts he has secured the adoption of his humane measures in twenty of our States and Territories, which have transplanted his Society's laws, and whose officers wear his shield. This is one of the ways in which Mr. Bergh has ruined his Society.

It will be well for the heedless to seriously consider the object of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The more they discuss it, the more beneficent it will seem to all who are not of savage or stony natures. The corner-stone of this Society rests on the simple proposition that brutes have rights as well as men. Man has the superior right. He may kill—for necessity; but he has not the right to torment or torture any life which God has given. This is the corner-stone. But another great consideration also comes to the support of this Society—i. e., Public Policy, regarded in its relation with the public health and morals.

All will concede the justice of the first of the above propositions, as to the matter of brute-torture. And yet they do not comprehend always why Mr. Bergh should arrest the trader in turtles, for example, because, for his convenience, the trader couples these creatures alive with cords or wires passed through their fins, and so ships them in constant agony, when they may be quite as well and cheaply transported in tanks, filled with water, and kept so until ready for use. So in the case of sheep and calves, and the like, corded till the ropes cut to the bone,

when they may as well be conveyed—as now they are, thanks to Mr. Bergh—in crates, erect and comfortably. But the moment the mind rests on the idea of the mere wanton cruelty so involved, the reason for the intervention of law in such case at once overtops all ridicule; for it appeals to Christianity and the heart. In this light we say at once, "You may kill, but you shall not torture." The same fact applies to murderous pigeon-shooters, when the birds are only mutilated for sport, and thrown away; which is as well a violation of the law which protects Mr. Bergh, as it is also of the act against gaming. The like reasoning applies clearly to things like dog and cock-fights. Here man, savage-like, transcends his rights and invades those of the brute.

But we spoke of Public Policy and the Public Health as connected with Mr. Bergh's Society. First, let us say a word about the Public Policy. Hogarth, in his thrilling prints, long ago taught the world to see how the cruel boy, educated in cruelty to brutes, becomes the bad citizen. It is in this way that the fiercest savages are trained. Hence, even in its most refined exactions and extremes, Mr. Bergh's Society commends itself; for, by force of law and striking examples, such, if you please, as those of the cases alluded to of turtles, or sheep, or poultry, or inhuman pigeon-shooting—these extreme test cases educate the other way. And this education, so persevered in, if sustained by the Courts, must tell nobly on humanity. Shakespeare feelingly says that the beetle which we tread to death suffers as much corporeal anguish as when a giant dies. Cowper would not enter on his list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. And a higher law tells us that a merciful man is merciful to his beast.

"Remember! He who made thee made the brute; Who gave thee speech and reason, made him mute. He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry."

Besides, many brutes have gratitude, love, half-reasoning powers which we cannot but respect and esteem. So much for Public Policy as concerned in this theme.

The public health must suffer if we feed on animals whose blood has been stagnated by arresting the circulation, as in the cases of brutes tied mercilessly. In some of these cases, mortification has been seen in the limbs of animals whose carcasses have been served up for food.

To accomplish such Christian objects, and so to promote the Public Morality and the Public Health, Mr. Bergh has been wisely instructed with all the power which he possesses as a public officer. If he does not exert it, of what use is this power? And if the Courts will not execute the law on Mr. Bergh's motion and proofs—as they execute all other laws—are not such Judges forewarned?

So far from abusing the power confided to Mr. Bergh by the Legislature, he has never, that we remember, exerted it to its utmost. On the contrary, he has compromised with and tested the public prejudice and sentiment in this respect, in order to educate it, against bias and selfishness, gradually up to a rightful appreciation of the objects of his Society. In the due administration of his office, for example, he may arrest horses at work, whether attached to carts or phaetons, or stages or cars, if it shall seem a cruelty to use them. Those who posted themselves in the late horse-epidemic will appreciate the wisdom and moderation with which Mr. Bergh acted on that trying occasion. He advised and remonstrated, rather than enforced the law, which, if executed, would have saved hundreds of horses to the city, which died from wanton use in the first stages of a very manageable disease when early treated with rest and slight medication.

We see no reasonable ground for objection against Mr. Bergh. So far from ruining the Society which he founded, and which he has transplanted over so many of our States and Territories, and for which he has won such honorable recognition abroad, it is evident that he is rooting it firm and deep among our most cherished institutions. He must be sustained by public sentiment and by our Judges. It will not do for our civilized public to prefer a car-ride or a dray-load to the life of such a friend, servant and companion as is the horse. Nor must they chafe if the law will not permit such brutes to be worked when lame, or when galled on back and shoulders, which the harness blisters like the actual cautery, red-hot iron.

Nor must a sensible man so restrict his vision on this subject as not to see that the idea on which the law for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is based, embraces all brutes in its protection. It justly punishes the man who tears even worms for sport merely; or who amuses himself by pulling out the wings of flies.

Is it not, then, ungrateful and scandalous to be wantonly annoying so good, able and Christian a citizen as Mr. Bergh undoubtedly is, by vague declamatory persecution in the prints; arraignments without facts or specifications, when he is firmly, yet temper-

ately, trying to perform to the end the good work which he has founded here, and which he is daily promoting?

WASHINGTON.

TWO of the President's suggestions in his Message are striking. And, first, his idea of artificial water-routes between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic Coast, including a ship canal around Niagara Falls, supplemented by a land-locked coast route between Maine and the Gulf of Mexico. This scheme concedes the right of the General Government to make internal improvements without the consent of the States, while in its fantasies it "outherods" the same conceit, engineered some years ago by Mr. Horace H. Day, who told us mortals that the suggestion came from somebody in the spirit-world, we believe from the "spirit of Benjamin Franklin." Second, General Grant would punish such American citizens as hold slaves in Cuba. This construction of power shows the purely military mind of General Grant. By what legal authority can we punish offenses committed within the jurisdiction of a foreign Government?

And yet we are truly glad to see that the President is turning the American mind to the fact of Slavery in Spain. We insist that the fact of Slavery anywhere on this continent is our business. It is our duty to protest against that barbarity, and to intervene against it in every rational as well as legal way. Already we have extracted from Spain the promise that she will abolish Slavery in Cuba. Give her no rest until that promise is redeemed.

The President looks as if he were in earnest about reforming the Civil Service. But it is plain to see that Congress will rebel against any innovation on their usage, which devotes the Federal patronage as party spoils.

The only noteworthy thing from the Departments seems to be from the Postmaster-General, who tells us that last year his deficit was \$2,000,000, and that this year it will reach \$6,000,000. His hobby is to purchase the telegraph lines now in existence, or to build others, if the owners of existing lines will not sell on his terms, and to use the Telegraph as an adjunct to the Post Office. Couple this specious suggestion with that of the President's Scheme of Internal Improvements by the Federal Government, and how plainly it is seen that this Administration's drift is to consolidation! It is for the people to settle the question as to how far they think it wise to encourage the Government to compete, or, more properly, to interfere with the competitive business of our citizens and the reserved rights of the States.

As for the rest of note from Washington, it was anticipated by us last week, when we embodied, from our private advices, what has since happened in Congress in regard to the Credit Mobilier Investigation, and the like.

It is proper to add, in a general way, that the work laid out for Congress is running into much excess. What with \$11,000,000 asked for French Spoiliations and coercive education by the Federal Government for the children of the country, the appropriation begged for the Philadelphia Centennial, the \$40,000,000 for the United States Postal Telegraphs, etc., we readily foot up a scheme which involves over Five Hundred Millions of Dollars, including the usual appropriations, which will be asked of Congress between December and March. Thus, a stupendous system of log-rolling looms up. And leading Administration journals are already pressing the old Santo Domingo job.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

EVERY now and then some noted man is said to have suddenly disappeared from New York, to have been spirited away, plundered and murdered. And ever and anon proof comes to light which establishes the fact that such has been their fate, under circumstances which ordinary foresight could not have prevented.

Now, the truth had as well be spoken out on this subject. Man is a queer animal, and even the middle-aged man, when he comes to New York, either from the interior or from outside cities, severed from family ties, thrown for society on his hotel and billiards and the theatres, though he be even a man of wealth and of most approved habits at home, will, once in a while, plunge too deeply into the mysteries of the metropolis, in search of fun.

In vain does the faithful Press caution against panel-thieves, mock auctions, concert saloons, and the dangers that lurk on every side, in the glittering basements even of Broadway, to say nothing of the obscurer streets; despite all that the journals can do, the spiders still find their flies and the candles their moths. Drugged drinks, the uses of chloroform in the trade of robbery and murder and the like, are expatiated on and warned against; but fools will take the "strange cup," and walk in the by-paths where these perils abound.

In a recent case, the disappearing man was

known on the day of the night of his disappearance to have drawn five thousand dollars, and to have it about his person. People ought not to be foolish enough to expose rolls of bills anywhere in a city like this, where villains are for ever on the track of strangers, even at the banks, to discover who may have money, where they live, who they talk to, what their habits are. These scoundrels have their polite emissaries about the hotels, the saloons, the billiard-tables, who decoy men to ruin and death. The only safe guide is the old one, viz., to be very careful that you know what company you keep, and that you maintain such prudent hours, and frequent only such places, as are perfectly secure.

It is not unfrequently the case in New York that some outsider is lured into a den and kept drunk for weeks, or as long as he has money, where he passes his days and nights like old Sardanapalus. Self-reliance will help even the most experienced stranger but little to thread his way among our mazes, unless he can rely on himself not to touch stimulating drink in "strange" places, and "to walk in daylight," or in such paths only, and at such hours, as are frequented and guarded.

FAREWELL AND HAIL!

FAREWELL to the mortal Horace Greeley, and Hail to another light which, in his spirit, shines on us from among the American Constellation! All that private love and public attestation could do has been done to honor the memory of this good and great man. This Tribune of the People, this idiosyncratic American, who, born on our soil, of parents born on our soil also, in all his belongings and in all his long record of early poverty and labor, in what he was and in what he did, is pre-eminently our own. Purified and exalted now, those who review that life, and who profit by it, will be inspired by the example to push on bravely in the direction of all that is good and elevating in religion and morals and labor.

All of the mortal is over—all of the poor worm! Seldom has the Romance of History presented such a picture as that which Greeley's life presents from the hour when he landed, a "green lad," in New York, to the moment when he was followed to the tomb by so much love and respect, and laid in it with such imposing, because simple, ceremony. His last way was not at the head of a triumphing party to the summit of fleeting earthly honors. But he wears a nobler crown than earth can render. That bright spirit is above Kings, Potentates and Presidents, and its influence is hallowed and progressive for all the years to come.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
We have thee still, and we rejoice;
We prosper, circled with thy voice,
And do not lose thee though thou die.

"Our love involves the love before;
Our love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and nature thou,
We seem to love thee more and more."

THE NICE MAN.

IN these days of murder, suicide and divorce—of bullets and dirks—all about women, all about jealousy, and the like, it becomes us to look squarely into the subject, and to find, if we can, the root of the thing.

First, then, Marriage is not a failure. Love is not wholly a dream. Part of our social evil grows out of a fondness in women for extravagance in dress and baubles, to which men recklessly pander in moments of "gush," or to swell the pride of their establishments; part of it springs from that imperfect education which despises work "in a lady;" part of it is due to our habit of living in boarding-houses and hotels; part comes from the lives of such men as are too much at Clubs, and of others who establish a bad example (worse than late sittings at Clubs) with the night-key. Business, pleasure, politics, leave the wife too much alone. She cannot read always, nor sew always, nor remain for ever in the house. It is an absolute want of her nature that she shall have companionship as well as domestic duties. And it is a law of her being that the society of women alone does not fill up the heart nor the just yearnings of a young, well-bred woman.

Much of this evil also belongs to the poisonous literature of the day, which is so greedily and universally devoured, and by which the swallow-coated, white-cravated devil is introduced into drawing-rooms, perfumed with sentiment, and so masked in poetry as to wholly disguise his cloven-foot. The Demon of Literature is the Abstraction which very often paves the way for the Lover to the wife's heart.

What with bad example in the husband, who has too long lived a bachelor hotel life; idleness, extravagance, the gossip of hotels and boarding-houses, the long separation of wives from husbands during business (and other!) hours; imperfect education, lack of deeply rooted Christian principles and the want of human sympathy and society in him with whom she belongs, many women become frivolous, unmoored, reckless, bachelor-like

and almost desperate. Some of these plunge into flirtation, others swallow opiates, or a glass too much. Their hearts are almost vacant—and busy devils congregate there. The maid apes the mistress, and the poor the rich often. And so we go.

Another thing. But few marriages are what they should be. Charles marries only a snow-white little hand, a small foot, a lovely face, a vase filled with the frail flowers of boarding-school "accomplishments," a diary of small-talk, an almond-shaped eye, a graceful form, auburn hair; and Amelia only weds corresponding charms. And they get, not what they need, but what they marry; unless the *modiste* or tailor has helped to perpetrate an unusual fraud. Grandfather weds when he should adopt. The result is all the same—dreary, unproductive lives, which, like parallel lines, constantly diverge. If they do not fight outright, they deceive and lie to each other. And alas! the children of such parents (in many cases nature is so outraged that there are no children) do not cement them. But, as the latter grow up, the chances are that they combine and conspire, on either hand, to widen the breach between the parents. And in the end they perpetuate the example of their progenitors.

And it is just into this sort of Paradise that that "family friend," the "Nice Man," enters. He is the confidential friend—who betrays them both. Either he is a young flower (married or single), typed after the Louis XIV. model, such as was Dufresney—a boudoir poet, a sweet-smelling amateur flower gardener, a *quidnunc* about theatres, operas and social life, and a creature "so full of sympathy;" or else some detestable bachelor of the order of old Fontenelle, who talked and wrote about love for nearly one hundred years, and who managed to live a century because, as he said at last, he had no heart at all.

It is not long after the entrance of the Nice Man, the "family friend," that we hear the rustle of divorce-parchment or the snap of the pistol. Blame not these things either on Love or Marriage!

WHY NOT?

WHY shall not members of our Cabinet, as in Europe, have seats in Congress, so that they can be required, on the spur of the moment, to disclose any matter of grave interest, instead of wearing out the public patience by long diplomatic correspondence, and often evasions, which generally come to light long after public interest in such matters has flagged?

The practice to which we refer is established all over Europe. It obtains in England, in Germany, in France, and even to a qualified extent in Russia. And we need not tell the reader that the practice is eminently republican.

Instead of long sessions of committees of investigation, why shall not the head of the proper department give *viva voce* information in a given case? As, for example, why should not Secretary Robeson have explained directly, and on the floor of the House, his action in the Secor case? so of Mr. Creswell in the Chorpensing case, and the like? Of course, we would modify this, so as to permit these officers of the Government to withhold any information which, if disclosed in such form, would, in their judgment, be incompatible with the public interest. Conservatism of this sort is often essential to the proper progress of Government affairs, which might be greatly embarrassed by premature disclosures.

Although part of the Executive Department of the Government—which, as such, under our Constitution, is an independent, co-ordinate branch of the Government—members of the Cabinet are as much servants of Congress as of the President. They are not so identified with him as to form exclusively a part of his office, and to be entitled to the privileges which all precedent accords to the independence and dignity of the Presidential office. Their position on the floor of Congress would be something like that which is accorded to delegates—who may speak, but not vote.

Independently of alleged abuses of trust, in bureau matters, much information might be given in this way which would throw that instant light on current legislation which cannot be so quickly or so clearly shed by long-winded reports which few people read. Some members of Congress read them carefully, but many have said to us that they never particularly scrutinize even a Presidential Message.

In *viva voce* inquiries all pertinent questions would be asked. Nothing would be neglected, therefore, or forgotten by the head of a department, which naturally might be the case in a general report from his bureau on a given subject. Many able minds would thus be directed to the matter alluded to, instead of the single intellect of the Secretary—or those of himself and clerks. Minorities in Congress, in this way—if not factious—would always be clothed with that

healthful power so necessary to free institutions—the power to assert the voice of their constituents as against the corruptions of an oligarchy.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. IV.

THE SECOND MARTYR.

HORACE GREELEY died a martyr to the Liberal cause. In the same cause Lincoln fell. The latter was murdered by an insane assassin, while the bells of peace were yet ringing, after the war was over, and one day after he had declared publicly in favor of restoring the States on the basis of our old Constitution. No one now doubts that if Mr. Lincoln had lived, his wisdom, influence, purity and humanity would ere this have restored the old machine into full and perfect play, without the intervention of the army of carpetbaggers; without leaving even a taint of transmissible hatred between the sections. Under him Executive Rings and the wedding of a Demoralized Congress to Privileged Corporations would have been an impossibility; nor would the nation have been disgraced by the Executive power, as we saw it so disgraced last November. The inspiration of Lincoln's character, his sturdy honesty, and his keen perceptions and enlarged experience among politicians, and his reverence for the Government of the Fathers, would have prevented all these evils.

The grave has now closed over the SECOND MARTYR. Horace Greeley is dead, so far as the great and the good can die. True, no bullet killed him. But he fell like Lincoln, with all his armor on, in a fight for the Union and the Constitution. Now that he is dead, all men, and all parties, concede his entire honesty and his pre-eminent ability. And none but a knave or a fool will say that Mr. Greeley perished a victim to selfish ambition.

Six months ago Mr. Greeley was a happy, healthy man in the midst of his family, the greatest of living journalists. Ninety days ago, had his political issues been then submitted to the people, they would have triumphed. Immediately after the Baltimore Convention, and until the October outrage on Pennsylvania, his cause was won. What was Mr. Greeley's cause? let us now ask, in the presence of his grave. All can see now that he rose to achieve the same results which Mr. Lincoln foreshadowed as the programme for his Second Term, viz., the re-establishment of Local Government, the consolidation of the Union on the basis of Equal Rights for all citizens, and Reconciliation.

Mr. Greeley did not rise to destroy the Republican Party, but he stood up to rebuke the rottenness of a Personal Administration, made rotten and dangerous by corrupt combinations, which General Grant either could not see, by reason of his inexperience, or which he would not see, for the reason that he desired to use such as the instruments of his ambition—to achieve a Second Term. Mr. Greeley had no quarrel with General Grant as a man; he opposed him as the representative of a merely personal and selfish machine, through which—under the prestige of the Radical Republican Party, whose mission ended with the adoption of the Constitutional Amendments—society was being demoralized; the Government of our fathers was being changed and destroyed; and a rich and now loyal section of our Union was being converted into an Ireland or a Poland; through which Labor was enslaved by Capital, and by which the Freedom of the Ballot was endangered through the prostitution of the Civil Service. To which add the impending peril of the Executive influence, by which the millions of blacks are leagued and banded as a hostile element among their white neighbors, and so linked in a chain to the Federal power—a chain by which the President, overriding State Rights, may mold the Southern States as he chooses; or else provoke civil war among them, which result would make a pretext for the intervention of Military Force to crush out the independence of the Southern whites.

On this issue, Horace Greeley and his co-workers appealed to all men and to all parties to unite; to subordinate all minor points to the overshadowing necessity which existed, and still exists, for purification of the Civil Service, and for the restoration of the States on the foundation of the Amended Constitution.

Like the struck eagle of the fable, who saw in death that it was his own plumage which had winged the fatal shaft, so Greeley was slaughtered in the house of his friends.

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion that impelled the steel."

Ingratitude as foul as that which immortalizes Lear's story was Greeley's mortal wound. His political issues were not fairly met. His motives were cruelly misrepresented. His record was wickedly falsified. He was branded as if a traitor during the war, and as a positive traitor to the principles of the party which he had almost founded. The ignorant blacks were made furious as savages against him who had fought their battles with such zeal, conviction and singleness of purpose. He was libeled as the candidate of rebels who sought to restore Disunion and Slavery. And worse than all, Mr. Greeley was not only opposed by a Party, but the Government itself consolidated into the fight against him. It arrayed and concentrated its Civil Service, its Army and Navy, its Treasury, its personnel; it brought to bear the resistless power of the Internal Revenue Service upon all business interests, while it gambled in Wall Street for the same end, viz., to crush Horace Greeley. It was under this cruel and terrible assault upon him that Horace Greeley fell.

He fell as a martyr falls. Greater now than ever in his leadership, the army of Reformers will close their ranks about his grave, silently and resolutely. They will look to General

Grant to see how far his eyes are now opened by this sudden shock to the greatness of their cause. In the fervent hope that he will now shape his policy on the wisdom and inspiration of Greeley's record, as condensed in the dead patriot's last great speeches, and so leave to his successor, at the end of four years, just such a party as Horace Greeley inaugurated, labored for, and—it is not too much to say it—died for.

JUNIUS.

HENRY M. STANLEY'S LECTURES.

THE subjects of the Four Lectures which the successful discoverer of Livingstone, after he had been obliterated, as it were, from the knowledge of the outer-world for many years, to give to the public of New York during the past week, were, "Central Africa," "The March of the *Herald Expedition* into the Land of the Moon," "The Discovery of Livingstone," and "Livingstone's Story." Much to our regret, the attendance on these lectures was by no means such as Mr. Stanley had a right to expect. This, we think, may be attributed to two causes. They were neither scientifically framed, sufficient to attract the grave and earnest thinkers upon our ignorance of internal Africa, nor was the large proportion of geographical science with which Mr. Stanley commenced his lectures adapted to draw those who require excitement, either of manner or detail or incident, to induce their expenditure of money for the purpose of listening for one hour to one man, however great his outside reputation in the world may be.

Nevertheless, we cannot but look upon it as a bad evidence of the taste of the present age in this country, that Mr. Stanley should not have excited an unusual curiosity to see and hear him.

Although upon the first night, from some cause, he seemed to lack the spirit which is so necessary to rivet popular attention, on the succeeding evenings he made a decided impression upon his hearers. On the first night, we presume this to have arisen from his dealing with a branch of his subject which was purely descriptive and geographical, while, from the first moment, he evidently felt that his hearers had small sympathy with it. In his succeeding lecture, when he dealt with facts in which he himself or Mr. Livingstone had been actors, his manner became broader and more earnest, his voice more assured, and we felt that we were listening to one of the most singular stories of newspaper enterprise and individual energy which has ever been recounted to us from the lecturer's desk. So much has been already given to the public of the details of the *Herald Expedition*, that it will be unnecessary again to mention them. We may, however, append a brief personal description of the man who achieved what a nation had failed to do more than attempt.

In person, Mr. Stanley is somewhat slight and by no means tall. His face is resolutely cast, and exhibits much daring—his brow somewhat low but broad and compact, while his mouth—if he will pardon us for saying so—exhibits great obstinacy. It is precisely the class of mouth which we might suppose the man to have who had undertaken such an expedition and carried it through successfully. Black hair—streaked, as we are told, with gray, although the gray was invisible on the lecture-stage, with a raven mustache and goatee, completed what we could see of the man, like and yet very unlike any of the portraits which have as yet been published of him. His manner as a lecturer is by no means demonstrative. Indeed, we heard a well-known lawyer of the city, who was sitting in front of us, remark to a friend, that if he had the same lecture to deliver, he would make it tell from beginning to end. Let us own that we agreed with him, in a measure. We are, however, convinced that in addressing our general public, he had better entirely dispense with his first lecture, and compress the last three into two. The generality of our attendants upon lectures demand simply his adventures on his journey to Ujiji, and the tale which Livingstone there told him. They do not require instruction, but excitement or amusement.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The San Juan Award—Views from British Columbia.

These views represent the boundary line between British Columbia and the United States, and the British camp on the island of San Juan. Concerning the Oregon Boundary Stone, after it was decided at the Washington Treaty of 1846 that the 49th parallel of latitude should mark the boundary on the mainland, a line was cut through the forest to define the limits of each territory, and a stone obelisk was also erected, on which was inscribed, "Washington Treaty, 1846." From the adjacent bay, or from an elevated position, the line through the forest can be discerned for a considerable distance. The territory handed over to the Americans by the Emperor of Germany's award amounts to about four hundred miles of sea studded with islands. The largest of these, San Juan, is about thirteen miles long, and four wide. The western shores are steep and rocky, but the eastern coast is a more gentle slope, and affords some good farming and grazing land. The Hudson's Bay Company once had an agricultural establishment here, with a number of sheep, but it is now abandoned. There are, however, still a number of settlers with sheep and arable farms in this section. Most of them are Americans. Our other illustration represents one of the wild tribes of Indians on the coasts of the Gulf of Georgia and Queen Charlotte Sound or of the narrow straits and inlets that form a labyrinthine channel between them, with the rivers that descend to that shore. Some of these tribes on the seacoast live entirely upon shellfish, but others are better provided. The salmon ascend the rivers of British Columbia in such countless multitudes, that tens of thousands perish in their attempts to regain the ocean, in consequence of an insufficient supply of water during the Autumnal months. The tribes of Indians inhabiting the interior smoke and dry this delicious fish for their winter supply of food; and as the prairie Indians live on buffalo, so do many interior tribes on the west side of the mountain subsist on salmon.

The New Lord Chancellor at Westminster Hall.

An unusual crowd assembled at Westminster Hall to witness the opening of the Courts of Law and Equity for the legal year on Saturday, November 2d. The procession of judges' carriages was headed by a strong body of mounted police with drawn swords, which drew up in military order before the great door

of the hall. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn were received with loud cheers, as were several of the other judges, especially Mr. Justice Denman, who had donned the ermine for the first time. The rich gold-laced brocade gowns of the functionaries of the Court of Chancery contrasted strongly with the black robes, with ermine trimmings, of the Common Law judges. The Court of the Lord Chancellor was packed close to witness the ceremony of "swearing-in." The new Lord Chancellor (formerly Sir Roundell Palmer, now Lord Selborne) having the Master of the Rolls, the Lords Justices and the three Vice-Chancellors ranged on each side of him on the platform before the Bench, took the oath administered by the Master of the Rolls in due form, and, being then left alone, assumed the seat once called "the Marble Chair," and proceeded to do justice between suitors in Equity.

The Loving-Cup at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

Our engraving represents the passing of the loving-cup at the banquet on Lord Mayor's Day, which ancient ceremony precedes the proposal of the first toast. The loving-cup is a large silver flagon filled with spiced wine, and each person holds it in turn, while his neighbor drinks from it, accompanying the action with a polite inclination of the head. The origin of the ceremony of the loving-cup is thus explained: Our forefathers were great drinkers, and it was customary with them in convivial parties to pass round a large cup, from which each drank in turn. But lest an enemy should take the opportunity of stabbing a man while both his hands were engaged (King Edward the Martyr was thus murdered by the treacherous Elfrida while drinking on horseback), one of the company undertook to be his pledge, and raised his drawn sword to defend him while drinking, receiving in his turn the same protection. In college halls, and at the feasts of city companies, the custom is preserved almost in its primitive form, and as each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, the man seated next him rises also.

Overflow of the Arno, Italy.

Our illustration shows the scene of the overflow of the River Arno, at Pisa, Italy, where, after superhuman efforts on the part of the authorities, citizens and soldiery to oppose all sorts of obstacles to its progress, the torrent swept past all obstructions, burst the dikes and spread over the city, causing every one to fly in all directions who had been fighting the fierce, resistless torrent to the last. The damage at Pisa is very great, as it has been in almost every city in Italy. In Lombardy and Venice, the damage by the overflow of the Lakes Maggiore and Como, and the Rivers Adige and Po, has been incalculable. The Tiber threatened Rome with inundation, but by strenuous efforts its ravages were confined to the suburbs and surrounding towns.

The Forecastle of a Mail Steamer in the Red Sea.

Our engraving gives a sketch of the scene on the fore-castle of a Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship going down the Red Sea, on a sultry night of August, when the dreadful heat made it impossible to sleep below. There is no part of the world where the climate is felt to be more oppressive than between Suez and Aden. The atmosphere is so heated by the sun's rays in the day-time that it cannot become cool at night, while there is scarcely a breath of wind.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN ADAMS is playing "Enoch Arden" in Troy, N. Y.

THE Minstrels are hunting around for Christmas jokes.

THEODORE THOMAS gave concerts in Nashua, N. H., last week.

G. L. FOX gave "Humpty Dumpty" in St. Louis, last week.

ATMER has returned to the Olympic with her opera troupe.

"LEO AND LOTOS" keeps the even tenor of its way at Niblo's.

BARNUM'S circus increases its attractions from week to week.

EDWIN BOOTH played in Trenton, N. J., December 9th and 10th.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON is acting at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis.

MISS NELSON acts *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons" this week at Booth's.

On December 6th, Miss Lydia Thompson had a farewell benefit at the Olympic.

"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY" and "On Hand" are the attractions at Wood's Museum.

A SERIES of vocal and instrumental concerts have commenced at Steinway Hall.

MESSRS. MILLS & DAMROSCH continue their series of chamber music at Steinway Hall.

MRS. STOWE read selections from her own works at Association Hall, December 6th.

"AGNES" will not be removed from the boards of the Union Square for a fortnight.

At the Theatre-Comique a burlesque on Stanley's discovery of Livingstone is the attraction.

JOHN E. OWENS, the popular comedian, acted at the Opera House, South Bend, Ind., December 13th.

NELSON appeared as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," at Booth's, last week. The audience liked it.

At Mrs. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, "Son of the Night," by Charles Gayler, was running last week.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" was produced at the Fifth Avenue, December 9th, with an unexceptionable cast.

KELLY & LEON had a benefit at the Olympic, Saturday, December 7th. The performance was very fine and well attended.

ONE of the features of "Round the Clock," at the Grand Opera House, is a regular "mill" between two veritable "bruisers."

TERRACE GARDEN THEATRE has been vacated by Louise Lichtmay's German Opera Company, which have taken up their quarters at the old Stadt, in the Bowery. Professor Vaneek gives magical exhibitions at the former place.

On December 10th, at the Academy of Music, there was a grand complimentary benefit to Colonel T. Alston Brown, a sufferer by the fire at Kelly & Leon's, in which the operatic company and 600 volunteers from other theatres took part.

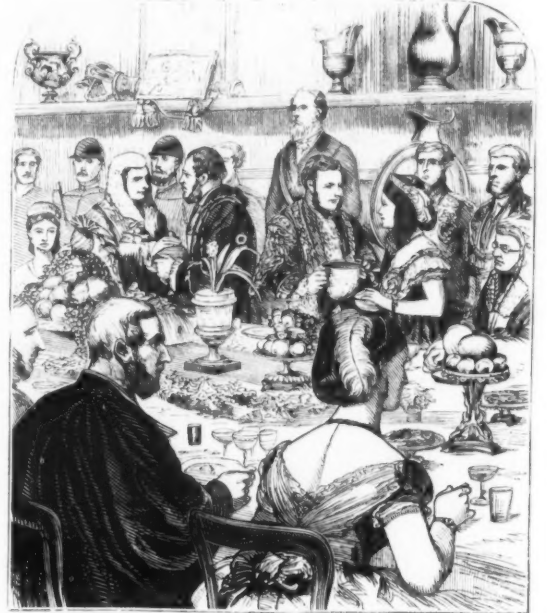
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 235.



AMERICA.—MONUMENT MARKING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.



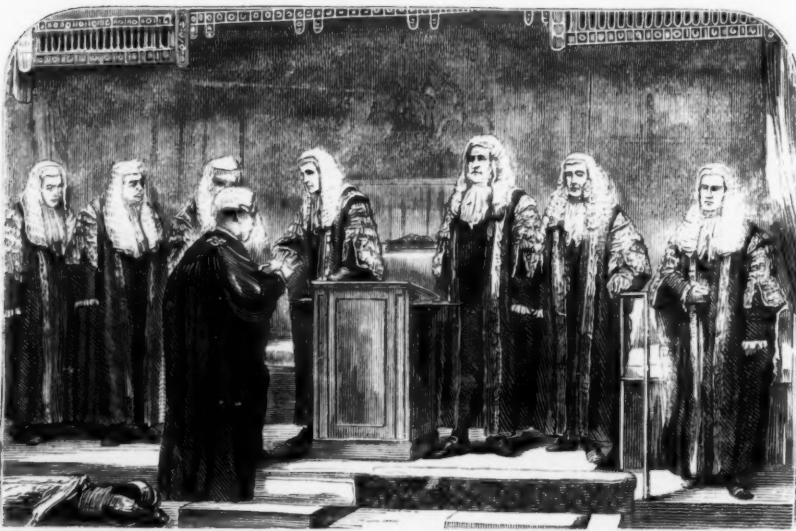
AMERICA.—THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.



ENGLAND.—THE LOVING CUP AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT GUILDHALL.



AMERICA.—THE BRITISH CAMP ON THE ISLAND OF SAN JUAN.



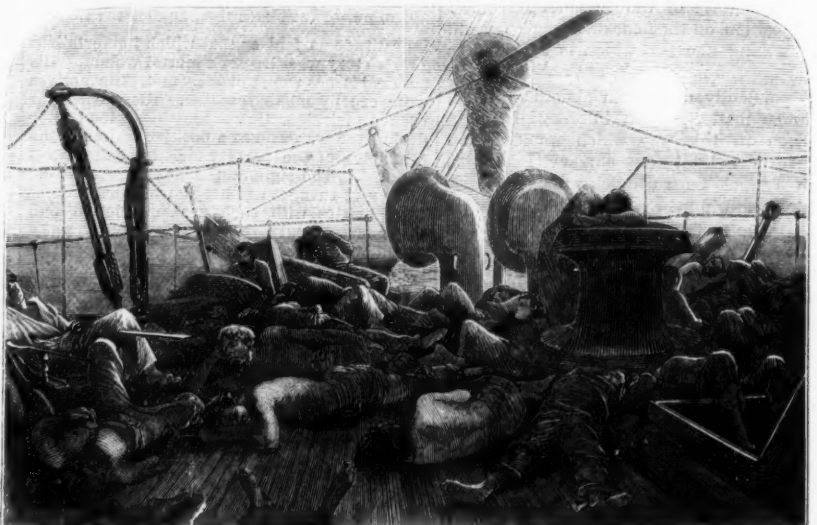
ENGLAND.—SWEARING IN THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR AT WESTMINSTER HALL.



AMERICA.—THE SALMON-EATING INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.



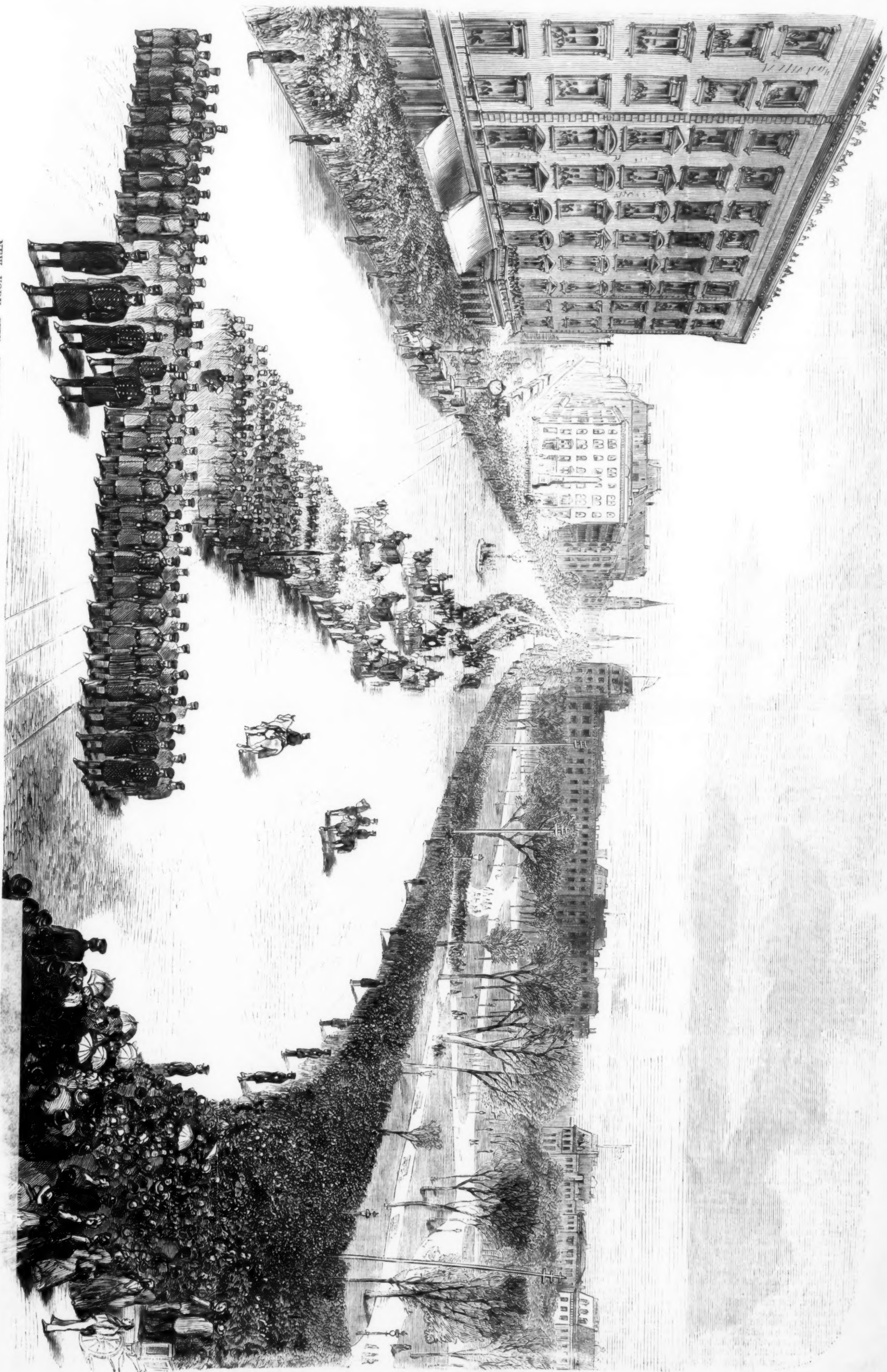
ITALY.—THE RECENT INUNDATIONS—OVERFLOW OF THE EMBANKMENTS OF THE ARNO.



RED SEA.—THE FORECASTLE OF A MAIL STEAMER ON THE VOYAGE TO CHINA.

NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELY—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THE

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL—SEE PAGE 236



PARVA DOMUS—MAGNA QUIES.

A NARROW home, but very still it seemeth;
A silent home, no stir or tumult here.
Who wins that pillow, of no sorrow dreameth,
No whirling echoes jar his sealed ear;
The tired hand lies very calm and quiet,
The weary foot no more hard paths will tread,
The great world may revolve in clash and riot,
To its loud summons leaps nor heart nor head.

The violets bloom above the tranquil sleeper,
The morning dews fall gently on the grass,
Amid the daisies kneels the lonely weeper—
He knows not when her lingering foot-steps pass.
The Autumn winds sigh softly o'er his slumber,
The Winter piles the snow-drifts o'er his rest;
He does not care the flying years to number,
The narrow home contents its silent guest.

No baffled hope can haunt, no doubt perplexes,
No parted love the deep repose can chafe,
No petty care can irk, no trouble vexes.
From misconstruction his hushed heart is safe,
Freed from the weariness of worldly fretting,
From pain and failure, bootless toil and strife,
From the dull wretchedness of vain regretting
He lies, whose course has passed away from life.

A narrow home, and far beyond it lieth
The land whereof no mortal lips can tell.
We strain our sad eyes as the spirit dieth,
Our fancy loves on heaven's bright hills to dwell.
God shuts the door, no angel lip uncloses;
They whom Christ raised no word of guidance said.
Only the Cross speaks where our dust reposes,
"Trust him who calls unto his rest our dead."

A SWIFT VENGEANCE.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE people in the little sea-coast settlement of the Sands had always said that if a righteous man lived on earth, it was Maurice Hart. His days were spent in conferring benefits—his nights in devising them. He had never been known to resent an injury, and his life was a perpetual self-sacrifice. He had come to the Sands, with no recommendation but a handsome face, more than forty years ago, and he had been employed at first in day-labor. It appeared that he must have rather scrupulously laid by his wages; for, before long, he paused from his day-labor, and learned the trade of shoemaking. At this trade he worked round from house to house, making the year's shoes for the sailors' sons and the families of the small farmers of the place; always welcome, because always full of stories and songs as he sat in the corner and plied his awls, always ready with wax for the boys, with leather shoemakers for the girls; and after work was done, rosinning the bow, and scraping away on any old fiddle in a manner that set the boys and girls to dancing, so as to make fresh work for him on the morrow.

As time went on, and Maurice Hart prospered, always industrious, sober, careful, he built him a little house—a cottage in the centre of a good garden-plot; and there he made his headquarters, and work was brought to him. Fond of digging in his garden, he made it blossom like a rose; but inside the house there were no other adornments than the plants he took up in the Autumn. He never dressed more finely than he did when a day-laborer, and he never allowed himself richer food than the bowl of bread and milk to which he had become accustomed then. He had no luxuries, and not an enjoyment beyond that of making the enjoyment of others.

Maurice must have been some thirty years old when he fell in love with Kate Orfley. He did not tell her he loved her—he seemed to try not only to hide it, but to escape from it. Far from feeling the joy that love gives to most lovers, he became like somebody oppressed with a burden. He would rise in the middle of the night, and walk for miles along the shore, as if he would walk off a pain; he absented himself from the little companies where he was welcome, in a place where all were of about equal rank; and Kate Orfley would, perhaps, never have known of his passion, had he not once risked his life to save hers, and then betrayed himself in a moment when he thought her insensible. But, that done, the case was beyond his help, apparently, if he had wished to help it, and arrangements were made for their marriage—for, Kate had long felt that if she did not marry Maurice Hart, she should marry nobody. And nowhere could such happiness be seen as theirs, when, acknowledged lovers at last, they wandered off by themselves together down the lanes, or sat with their arms about each other on the moonlighted cliff. It seemed as if Maurice had abandoned himself to the joy of the moment. He went about with his handsome face beaming; he sang sweet old love-songs at his work; he was restless every moment that he was away from Kate; he was happy with a wild sweet rushing happiness; and, just as the marriage should have been celebrated, all the happiness was darkened by a profound gloom into which it suddenly seemed to plunge.

One night there was a long, low talk with Kate that lasted far into the morning; there were exclamations and expostulations, and cries, and tears, and embraces; and Maurice went home, and nobody saw him for a month.

"You may put away all the things," said Kate to her mother, next day; "I am not going to marry Maurice!"

"Not going to marry Maurice?"

"No, mother," said the pale girl, with quivering lips.

"And what earthly reason—"

"I know no more than you, mother. Please never speak a word again!" and there the girl broke down, and ran away from the room.

But neither Kate nor her mother ever vouchsafed any explanation to the hints of the gossips; and some half-dozen years afterward Kate married the widowed minister of the little parish, who wanted a mother for his five children. For, Kate was a superior woman, fit for

some better position than that of wife to a village shoemaker. But then there was not a person in the place that, in some undefined way, did not feel Maurice to be a man above his calling, though in that small place one calling was as necessary, and, therefore, as honorable as another.

It was good for Maurice that Kate did marry at last. It seemed to make him a free man. Whether he had been wretched with the thought of her wretchedness—whether he had not dared to trust himself where he might see her any more, no one knew. But in those half-dozen years he had been a recluse, bent above his work, seen by none other than in the way of that work, except in his swift walks at sunrise or after dark. Kate, looking from her window, might have watched him striding down the beach, his melancholy face downcast as his head leaned on his breast, glancing neither to right nor left, and passing swiftly out of sight; but in any other way she never saw him once, for he came no more to church, he went no more to the sails in Summer, to the sleighing in Winter; he staid at home and at work; and people, when they thought of him, said Maurice Hart must have a pretty sum laid by ere this time.

When Kate had been married a while, Maurice began to steal out into the little world of the Sands again—so quietly, indeed, that none but those who might happen to be interested in him could notice it; once he was seen at the debating club, again he lingered at the corner-store where the idlers clustered in the evening; sometimes the schoolchildren met him and found apples and nuts in his pockets; sometimes he invited a companion into his boat when he went fishing; frequently he beguiled a bare-footed urchin to a seat on his doorstep, while he fitted him to a pair of stout calkskins.

If one happiness seemed here to be denied to Maurice, it was evident that he was now consoling himself with another—it was the happiness of doing good. Was a fisherman of the little community lost at sea? It was Maurice who went to the widow, and stocked her larder and found her occupation. Was a family burned out? Into Maurice's house they moved till he could bring the people together in a great building-bee, to raise the frame of the new cottage, whose timber he provided. Did a working-girl break the arm that had been her main support? It was Maurice who took charge of her small expenses till the arm had knit. Many a poor woman had found a load of coal dumped into her cellar over night, or a barrel of flour upon her doorstep, that could have come from none but Maurice Hart; many a fatherless boy had been saved from the reform-school and sent unshamed to sea; many an orphan girl from the almshouse; and no subscription paper, for any relief whatever, passed his door. There was no kindness that he did not do, except the last kindness of digging the grave—but of that, of death, of all its appurtenances, he had a shivering horror; yet, for the rest, he seemed to live only to give charity, to bring comfort, and the people of the Sands had come to look upon him as the proper source of aid in their little settlement, authorized like an establishment that excused themselves from anything of the sort. If they had ever staid to reflect upon it in any other way than one of admiration, they might have wondered how out of the earnings of such a handicraft as his he could afford all he did; for it would have needed a wonderful degree of industry and frugality to allow accumulation of the bare material of so much benevolence as his. But people are not apt to scrutinize too closely that by which they are themselves spared from trouble, nor to ask whence the money comes that is laid out in good works; and so if a tale of distress were told, the reciter was sent to Maurice, as if he were the legalized almoner of the place.

But Maurice had not been without his household pleasures in these many years. Shortly after the time that Kate adopted the minister's five children, he had himself adopted two little girls lately orphaned, and their pretty faces and sweet voices had made his home sunny for him. He had sent them to school, and had clothed them as prettily as Kate's stepchildren were clothed, and they loved him as tenderly, it seemed, as they could have loved a father of their own. But they went the way of the world at last, and one was married to the mate of an East Indiaman, who took her on voyages around the world, and the other became the wife of the schoolmaster, and moved to the West.

It was lonesome enough for Maurice after the children went. And when a wreck came ashore, on which all hands were lost except a boy, whom Maurice, with ropes about his waist, swam out to save, Maurice took the boy home and kept him in charity to one as much as to the other.

Certainly the lad was of inviting appearance enough, being a curly-haired, fair-faced fellow. But Maurice after a while found that appearances, though great liars, were no greater liars than Samson Burge was. The child had lost all he had of friends or property on the wreck, where, but for Maurice, he would have been lost himself, and on recovering from the first shock of his trouble, he began to realize the freedom where nobody could gainsay a word he said; and the stories he told of wealth and splendor, of titles and of achievements were so many, so wild, and so fabulous, as to contradict themselves, and it was not even a certain thing that Samson Burge was the little rascal's name. For all that, he had such laughable ways, even in flagrant acts, he took rebukes and acknowledged his sins as such a matter of course, and insisted on his own way with such a merry imperiousness, that he had won Maurice's affections, and Maurice had set out to teach him his trade before he had been with him six months.

But when Samson Burge had been with Maurice six years, things were slightly different

—for Maurice loved him more, rather than less, that he lived with him in fear of his life.

He had grown into a stalwart fellow, with a deep chest and powerful limbs, so stout and strong a youth, that it seemed an absurdity for him to be sitting over two waxed ends, and to nobody did it seem more so than to himself; and, taking advantage of his protector's affection, he was constantly urging a change. Although Maurice gave to the lad without stint, yet more than once he had helped himself to all the money there was in Maurice's purse; once indeed had wrenched it from his hands by force, and had taken himself off to riot in rich living while it lasted, and to come back at the end, footsore and weary, and sure of finding his home open to him. By some subtle psychology that he could not explain, Maurice could no more withstand his desires than a bird can withstand the fascination of the snake; he gave him all he asked, and more; he provided him with countless pleasures; the only thing he could withstand was the lad's desire to leave him.

"You have got money enough to send me into the city," said Samson once, with no superfluous delicacy. "That is what my father would have done for me. If you've taken my father's place, as you're always declaring you have, why don't you do what my father would have done? There's more money than you can ever spend in that cranny up under the eaves, for I saw you counting it one night."

Maurice Hart's countenance was not merely white; it was gray. He sprang to his feet and seized the youth's shoulder with one hand, and what he would have done with the other, God knows, but almost instantly his hands were trembling and shaking, and falling away from their hold, and he himself sank shuddering upon his bench.

"You shall go to the city," he said, hoarsely. "And you shall never come back again."

"I don't know about that," said Samson. "Perhaps I shall when I've had my blow-out," and he looked down on the livid face and laughed the saucy laugh that always before had brought the smile there. "Perhaps, when I've seen my share of the world I shall come back here and settle down to cobbling, and be a credit to you. Of course you didn't swim out in the surf for me for nothing," he said. "And I might as well have been wrecked on the coast as wrecked on a shoemaker's last!"

"You shall go to the city, never fear," murmured Maurice.

And the next day, dressed in his best, Maurice mounted the coach for the cars and the journey to the metropolis, that he had taken a half-dozen times in his forty years at the Sands. In the metropolis he changed some gold, and started Samson Burge in life, and then he came home again. And, had any one watched, he would have been seen late at night opening a hole beneath the central bricks of his hearth and removing into it the parcels from the cranny under the eaves—one bag and some loose coins he left under the eaves, and then he replaced the bricks, and trod them down, and threw himself upon them and groveled there.

In one thing alone the Sands had not been with Maurice Hart—his management of Samson Burge. He should have been taken to the almshouse when he came ashore, the people said; he deserved the penitentiary now; and hardly one met Maurice without asking when he was going to send that young scamp to sea. Such things cut Maurice to the quick; the young scamp, whether by the animal magnetism in his big frame, or by something kindred in his nature that only Maurice felt, was like a part of his own flesh. And now when all predictions were verified, and the boy had deserted him with much cruelty, he was miserable. "There is a curse on all I touch," said Maurice Hart.

But, in spite of his unhappiness, he still believed in the boy, hoped for him, excused him; he said young blood must have its fling, and nobody knew what the boy's blood was, and in the long run love must win, and the boy would come back and settle down, and there would be years together yet, the pleasanter for this discord now. And so, when letters came asking more money, he sent it, always with a loving word, trusting that, if the money went in ill ways and among evil companions, plenty would make satiate; yet trembling to see how even were the scales, and that this money crusted with stains could no more be kept from evil uses than iron from the magnet. For Maurice Hart alone knew how ill-gotten were the gains hidden beneath the bricks of his hearth. When at last one night the young man came in person, and demanded the real gold, Maurice, with an aching heart, took him to the cranny under the eaves, and gave him the little bag and gathered the loose gold into his hands.

"I had hoped that good deeds might have brightened it," said Maurice, half to himself.

"There's nothing like keeping coin in circulation for that," said the young man, gayly. "And I'll come some day for the rest—the rest, you know, that you have so wisely put out of sight;" and with that he galloped off, and no one else knew that he had been at the Sands at all.

And Samson Burge was for once as good as his word. He did come again.

It was a dreary Winter's evening, just as the watery moon set, while a melancholy wind piped over the fields, that he found his way in unheard, at an outer window. Maurice was kneeling on the hearth, having uncovered the deposit there to remove a sufficient sum for a pleasure he promised himself—the erection of a beacon on the cliff, that might guide shipwrecked sailors, of whom every Winter there were several, to a shelter. He had opened a bag, and was counting out the contents by the low light of the embers—eagles, doubloons and some great, white, frosty stones—and, suddenly looking up, he saw a figure looming over him in the shadow, bending to scoop up

a handful of his treasure. Without a word, Maurice Hart had sprung upon his enemy, and had grappled with him, grappled fiercely, for he defended what had cost him a dear, what had not yet exhaled its possession, what he held in fee for the children of his adoption. And as instantly—whether thrown murderously or thrown in self-defense—he lay on the hearth, with the hot blood welling over him from a sharp, swift wound.

"Ah—ah," groaned Maurice Hart, throwing his arms between himself and his murderer. "Ah, merciful heaven! It was just so he fell—just so he lay—so I did! Quick, quick—wipe out my crime with my punishment!" And then the glowing ember shot up one tongue of flame and showed him Samson Burge, his face, where the covetous leer was fixed, on fire with the quick rage of the moment, and growing beast-like with the scent of blood already shed. "Oh, my child," sighed Maurice, "you never knew—you never did—" And then two great hands were meeting.

An hour later, and the murderer crept out into the night, and down among the wharves. He had walked from the city recognized by none, and now he thought he would take passage in some outward-bound vessel here, and, landing in the Provinces, find his way thence to foreign lands. He had enough gold and jewels now bound about his waist and making his pockets heavy to let him riot as he would in any foreign land. To be sure, there were dark stains on the white greatcoat he wore, and not all the marvel of white furze and crimson tie and onyx clasp and silk hat could disguise Samson Burge; but sea and spray and wind and weather would soon wash and wear the stains out, and meanwhile gold would make its way, he thought.

He thought, I say—in reality, he thought of nothing; he had certain things in his consciousness of which that was one; the only instinct that he followed now was the sole shuddering instinct to escape, and he had sprung on board a little brig which he saw, as he came down the hill an hour before, making ready to take the tide, just as the gangway plank was taken in.

It was well he did, for before the brig could have reached blue water, Maurice Hart had been found murdered on his hearth.

It is easy to imagine the consternation of the simple community over so dreadful a discovery. All faces blanched, all hearts were pierced, for Maurice had been the private friend, the public benefactor. Men left their firesides, and women thronged together to exclaim at the unheard-of thing, for every household in the place was hurt.

Presently the old minister came and took the cottage in charge; but there was only one thing that he disturbed—a little parcel, that, perhaps, Kate told him where to find, for, when the police came down from the larger town next day, there was left of the one clue to the sad, dark secret of Maurice Hart's life, unopened by either Kate or the minister, only a handful of ashes.

It was an awful night at the Sands. Murder had never come among that innocent people before. Death was sad enough, but murder made the universe dark; and the cheerless night, with its spits of snow whirling on the rising breath of the wind, that had changed into the east, made it darker yet. They could not stay in their houses, there was a terrible trouble there; everybody felt impelled toward his neighbor, but, after battling with the whistling voices of the swelling storm, found the same trouble there. The little cottage in the field held not only the dead form of Maurice Hart, but the whole embodiment of the crime and horror of the world. It is safe to say that no one closed an eye at the Sands until the authorities had relieved the guard, when already the first burst of amazement and grief had passed into one indignant outcry, and if the murderer had been at hand he would have had short shriving.

"If he took to the sea for refuge," said the minister, going up the cliff and into the shelter of the hollow rock, where a knot of men were congregated in the wild, gray morning, some within and some without the cave, wrapping their pea-jackets about them and bending their heads before the slanting sleet, in which the last strong gusts of the northeaster were expending themselves—"If he took to the sea for refuge, he will be followed by a swift vengeance."

For answer, the men pointed out into the white horizon, and, in the clearing of the storm, the minister could dimly perceive the phantom outlines of a craft driving down upon the coast—not so dimly, either, when his eyes had become accustomed to the search—a broken and dismantled brig.

"It's the brig that cleared last evening, before the wind hauled round, parson," said a man, offering the minister his glass.

"How do you make that out, Gill?"

"Oh, by her ear-marks. She was in ballast, and the ballast shifted, most likely; and that was the end of her in such a sea running as there was last night."

"A tremendous sea!" said the minister, pulling his shawl closer. "We could not sleep for its crying, and all I could think of was the blessed text, 'There shall be no more sea.'"

"It was like the soul of Maurice Hart," said one of the old fishermen, as he tried in vain to light his pipe in his hat, "crying out for vengeance."

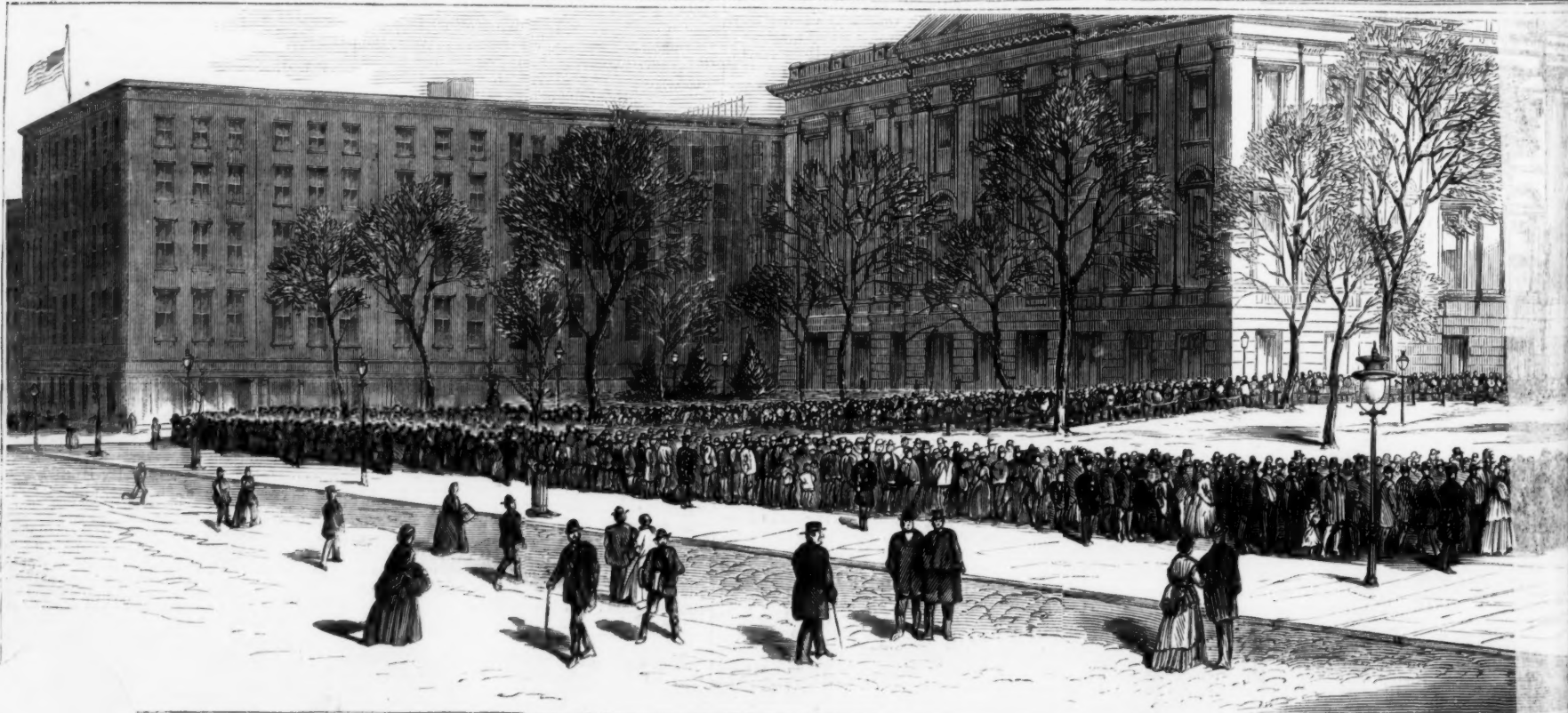
"Maurice Hart's soul would never be doing that," said the minister.

"No, no," said Gill. "If ever a soul went straight to glory—This gale is about over—there! Do you see?"

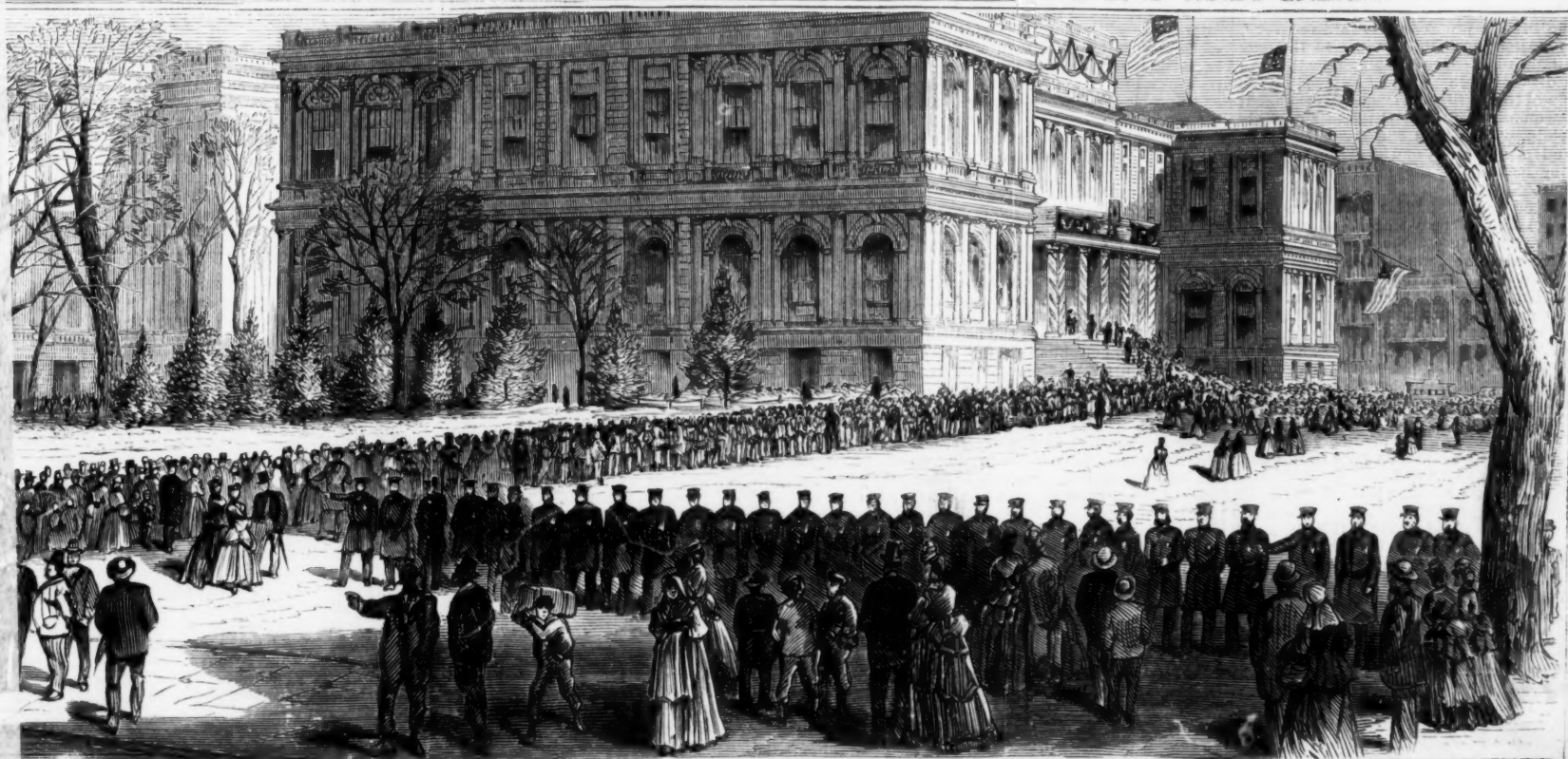
No more snow or rain fell now, and the wind was already driving the clouds off the sun; they could discern quite plainly the dark hull, with its broken masts, drifting broadside on the shoal.

"She tried to wear off and run for another harbor," said the old fisherman, beating his

Workings that will soon take place in Washington are those of Miss Nanni, General Foster, United States Engineer; and Mr. Doughty; Miss member of Congress from Indiana and Mr. Doughty; Mr. master.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELEY—THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION—THE CONSTANT STREAM OF CITIZENS WAITING IN LINE



THE CITY HALL, AND VIEWED BY THOUSANDS OF OUR CITIZENS. 2.—SCENE IN THE CITY HALL PARK, SHOWING
A LAST LOOK AT THE REMAINS.—S.E. PAGE 239.

THE FISHER.

FEAR? Lord bless you, no, not I!
The good God watches all;
I feel as safe on sea as land,
In calm or in a squall.
Our hands are rough, and rough our lives,
And little rest have we;
But still we pull along somehow,
We fishers of the sea.

Children? Yes, I've children four,
A loving mate beside.
You see the smoke by yonder cliff?
Yon roof is where they bide;
'Tis there my wife and little ones
Await my boat and me.
If rough our hands, we've hearts as well,
We fishers of the sea.

Home? Yes, yes, I love my home.
When dirty weather's nigh,
And all the track is green and black,
And storm-clouds in the sky,
My thoughts fly homeward through the mist
To those who watch for me.
'Tis then they are most dear to us,
We fishers of the sea.

Home? Yes, yes, I love my home,
And when we tack for shore,
Be sure I strain my eyes to see
The cot and wife once more.
The lamp-light shining through the pane
A beacon is to me,
And many a night has cheered the sight
Of fishers of the sea.

"WRECKED!"

OR,

THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THERESE.

AFTER the departure of Victor from the château, things subsided into a routine, broken by no event of importance. The invalid struggled toward renewed health, affectionately watched by Madame Bouchon, and closely by Therese, who seldom left her side, though her appearance was evidently repugnant to the young woman, in whom, as convalescence approached, a slight but remarkable change began to be apparent.

The vacuity of her countenance was broken at times by an expression like that on the face of one who has slept, and suddenly waking, endeavors to recall some dream just vanished. This seldom lingered long, but gradually came more frequently, and an idea suggested itself to the physician, that eventually her mind might recover its tone. Had he had the basis of a knowledge of her former life to work from, he would have endeavored to assist the awakening of her soul, but as it was, he was obliged to stand idly by, and await the result.

The perceptions of Madame Bouchon were hardly fine enough to observe the shadowy change progressing in her charge, but the lynx-like eyes of Therese discovered and watched it. Bouchon had made one or two attempts to surprise the old woman into some admission concerning the antecedents of herself and her charge, but had been met by that stolid dumbness which gave no sign. An effort to bring the uncouth creature who lodged at Vantage's under his influence resulted in proving him so nearly an imbecile, that Bouchon never repeated the experiment, and, as has already been shown, Vantage himself was truly ignorant concerning them.

The departure of Victor for Paris had relieved the suspicious mind of Bouchon, and as the cares of the vast Soulanges estate devolved altogether upon him, he had but little time to devote to consideration of the mystery beneath the roof of the château, so for the present Madame Bouchon and the physician were the only ones who strictly watched Therese. But truly they might as well have devoted themselves to the observation of one of the bronze nymphs in the corridors, for any sign she made, or clue they obtained to her secret.

As the invalid progressed toward recovery, it was Madame's custom to order in the rosy Jeanne and her idolized *bébé*, in order that the tedium of her watch might be relieved by the spectacle of the bodily and mental development of this wonderful infant. It was a singularly lovely child, with blonde and tiny curls on its wide and placid brow, and a curious gravity and baby majesty in the intense blue of its large eyes.

It soon became noticeable to Madame and the physician that the young woman noticed with a vague interest the presence of the child, and Madame found much pleasure in obeying the doctor's advice to have the little one with her constantly in the sick-room.

It also gave Madame not a little pleasure to see that, when the rigid form and iron countenance of Therese came within the scope of its baby vision, it would shrink until its tiny face assumed the hue of a purple ribbon.

"Such wonderful discernment in so tender a child!" she would observe; "it is truly marvelous. Without doubt, Jeanne, the holy saints must have guided me in my choice of this dear one from among so many."

"Without doubt Madame is altogether right. The infant is a marvel. Ah, *ciel*! observe to yourself how the angel smiles at this moment."

"Truly. But draw the curtain in such a manner that the eyes of the little one shall not again encounter those of Therese; and, *appropos*, you must remove the *berceau* of the infant into your own chamber."

"Ah, truly; but, if one may ask, why?"
"Because that chamber is to be made ready for Madame Bellerose, the aunt of Mademoiselle Soulanges, who is ill, and comes to recruit her strength at the château."

"Ah, the poor lady! but observe, Madame, that Therese has again alarmed the little one." Jeanne caught up the child, who was screaming violently, in her bare and polished arms, and darted a wrathful glance at Therese, who

had approached them so closely that her shadow fell across the bed.

The usual torpid rigidity of her countenance had given way to an expression of intense curiosity, which, however, dulled and died away, as, after rearranging the pillows under the quiet head of the sick girl, she went slowly back to her seat in the shadow of the curtains. The important business of quieting Mademoiselle *Bébé* having been concluded, Madame, who was not averse to a gossip, proceeded to give Jeanne some account of the expected guests.

"It is on *dit* that Milord Rosclerra is infatuated with Mam'selle Soulanges, and a little bird has whispered in my ear that the Comte La Grange has, in a fit of jealousy, disappeared from Paris. Truly, it is miserable. I do not feel too benevolently toward Milord Rosclerra, who, without doubt, has not the sympathetic soul of Monsieur Victor."

The manner in which Madame rolled the *r's* in the name of Rosclerra in her throat showed that indeed she was somewhat prejudiced against its owner.

Jeanne listened, with her black eyes glistening with interest, and Therese, with her back toward them, appeared to have fallen into an iron doze in the sunlight, which streamed into the apartment through the lofty southern window, up which, on the inside, clambered a battalion of pink roses from a light wicker stand.

"Ah, the misfortune," said Jeanne, in a tone of regret. "Mam'selle Julie would have appeared adorable in her robes of a bride."

"Without doubt," replied Madame; "but," gliding into the *l'adieu* state of confidence, "thou oughtest rather to compassionate the sundering of two souls so sympathetic."

"As Madame says, that is indeed lamentable; but if Mam'selle regards with affection this English Milord!"

"Ah, then, indeed! But how dreadful a name, so harsh and unmusical!"

"Is Madame yet aware of the time of their arrival at the château?"

"Not as yet, but it is doubtless not far distant."

"Does Madame observe that the *bébé* has fallen into a profound slumber?"

"True, Jeanne; well, carry her to her *berceau*, and as our invalid is also asleep, I will accompany you."

"As Madame pleases."

Madame Bouchon and Jeanne left the sunny, quiet room, with its peaceful air of luxurious homeliness, leaving Therese still in her rigid doze, and the sick girl smiling in a sleep as calm and motionless as the last slumber which falls upon all.

As she softly closed the door, Madame glanced back, and satisfied herself that all was well.

"I do not like too well to leave that old Therese alone with Mam'selle," she said, "but the old cat slumbers at the present instant."

As the sound of their soft footfalls died away on the matted corridor, the face of Therese turned slowly round until she glanced over her bony shoulder at the form on the bed. Her tanned and wrinkled visage was full of an expression partaking largely of a species of terror mingled with wonder.

She rose softly from her seat, and stole to the side of the sleeper, who, even in her sleep, appeared aware of the dark shadow falling across her, and moved uneasily, sighing slightly.

Therese stood regarding her with knitted brows, under which her black eyes flashed and sparkled with an animation of which they usually appeared incapable. A look of doubt and uncertainty crossed her face, and was succeeded by an expression which was at first as intangible as a slowly rising mist, but gradually assumed a black and horrible meaning. She bent over the sleeper and made a feint of clutching the bare, slender throat with her long, muscular fingers. Did so twice or three times, just pausing each time before her hideous talons touched the pure skin.

The room was so quiet and sunny, so utterly calm and still, that her hideous presence seemed more horrible than in reality it was. It was impossible not to imagine her some terrible phantom conjured up by a fevered brain, and one longed for the sleeper to awake, that she might disappear.

For a moment she stood motionless, looking fixedly at the form on the bed, and then with a kind of dumb snarl she turned away. As she did so her eyes rested on the *chaise-longue*, just vacated by Madame Bouchon. She paused and looked at it. A large, square pillow of down, covered in blue and white chintz, lay on its arm.

She listened for a moment, and the quiet house was undisturbed by so much as a hurrying step or closing door. Seizing the pillow, she turned again toward the bed, and poised it over the golden head of the sleeper. Then she made a feint of pressing it down on her face, checking herself as before when it all but touched it.

It seemed as though she were rehearsing some act that lay in the future, but she was delicately careful that the present should give no warning of it by so much as the rustling of one of the golden ringlets scattered over the neck and bosom of the sleeping girl. Again and again she repeated the action, with a careful poise, and a rigid fixidity of observation, that was full of a horrible and icy deliberation. She appeared to calculate how much pressure it would take to stifle the breath coming from those parted lips, and to be training her sinewy arm to use neither a degree more or a degree less of its savage strength than was absolutely necessary. One would have said that the calculation was not altogether new to her.

Presently, the rays of sunlight, becoming more level, darted through the climbing roses, and smote her across the eyes like the fiery fingers of an avenging angel, and, replacing the pillow on the arm of the *chaise-longue*, she

stole back to her chair, and when Madame returned presently from the apartment of *Bébé*, her tall cap rose over the back of her chair as motionless as when Madame had glanced back at her on leaving the apartment.

"Bouchon," said Madame, as she and the notary dined *tête-à-tête* that evening, "what do you intend to do?"

"To trouble you for some coffee, my love," said the notary, who always felt himself more than usually sarcastic during the half-hour immediately succeeding dinner.

"Leon," said Madame, looking at him impressively, "you endeavor to trifle with me. Your conduct resembles that of a griffin of stone."

Much affected by the elegant but slightly obscure smile, Madame applied her handkerchief to her bright eyes, but immediately withdrew it with vivacity on hearing a faint and dry chuckle from her husband.

His face, however, was innocent of a smile as she glanced at him, and he was looking with the air of a *connoisseur* through a glass of Burgundy, which he held against the light. In lowering it his eye met hers, and, being well acquainted with its sparkling language, what he read therein counseled him that now was not the time for an indulgence of his sarcastic proclivities.

"Leon," said Madame, with a haughty humility, "I comprehend with infinite clearness that it is not the office of a woman to proffer advice, especially to a soul which is not sympathetic; but I simply beg for information when I repeat, 'What are you about to do?'"

"My good Margaton," responded the notary, with a sly humor in his eye and voice, "you will have the kindness to answer my interrogation in the manner which pleases you best."

Madame clasped her plump hands, and cast her eyes toward the ceiling.

"Ah, *ciel*!" she ejaculated, "as though I ever sought to please myself! Am I not inevitably the slave of this man, who makes his caprice laws! And yet he mocks himself of me. 'Please thyself, good Margaton!'"

The notary, in his not infrequently supposed character of a capricious tyrant, slipped his Burgundy with infinite composure, and cracked a filbert which lay on his plate.

Madame, with clasped hands, still apostrophized the ceiling.

"*Hélas!* such obduracy! so iron a heart was never witnessed! The sufferings of humanity are agreeable *caudevilles* which he observes with pleasure!"

Not much disturbed by the hero-like attributes bestowed upon him, Monsieur Bouchon cracked another filbert, and quietly awaited developments.

Madame's eye returned from the ceiling, and she laid her plump hands on the table. Having satisfied the claims of sentiment, she became her amiable self.

"Bouchon," she remarked, pushing toward him a filigree basket of glowing peaches, "it is necessary that we obtain some information concerning our guest. It would not be *convenable* to present to the aunt of Mademoiselle Soulanges a mysterious personage whose name is unknown."

"*Convenable* or not," returned the notary, with a trace of acerbity in his tone, "I fear, my good Margaton, that such will be the case. I have twice failed to gain any clue from that sphinx Therese, and I am not inclined to court another failure."

More than the unpleasant remembrance of defeat seemed to agitate the countenance of the notary, and a slight gloom descended on his features, which usually displayed emotion through a nervous agitation and increase of movement, rather than by the descending on them of a melancholy and gloomy shadow. He pushed away his empty wine-glass, and turned on the fire a face so full of something so unfamiliar to Madame, that she gazed at him in silent yet startled wonderment.

For the first time she caught a glimpse of that sealed book of the past which every man carries in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. We frequently see the worn covers and the dimmed clasps, but when are the yellow and closely lined pages laid open for us to peruse? We perceive the faint and melancholy odor of the faded roses pressed within them, but who lays the crumbling flower under our critical and unsympathetic eyes?

Madame was dimly aware that something was passing through her husband's mind with which she had no connection, and a certain pique, which was to herself inexplicable, held her silent while she gazed steadily at the notary, who, on his part, continued looking into the fire unconscious of her glance.

He frowned heavily; and, as on the night when he had proposed to Victor, "The Memory of the Dead," his insignificant features assumed a sternness which for the moment rendered them impressive.

Madame's intellect was not of that order which plunges with delight into the mystery of psychological developments. She never went beyond a vague wonder over the external signs of mental disturbance, and now having shaken off the curious feeling which, for a moment, had held her silent, she remarked, with a vivacity which brought the eyes of the notary toward her with a spasmodic suddenness that was effectual in dispelling the shadow that had fallen on him:

"The endeavor, Bouchon, must be repeated."

"In truth I imagine it is necessary," said the notary, "if we are not to have the perpetual charge of this interesting young woman."

"Who is to blame in that matter?" inquired Madame, briskly. "Was not Monsieur Victor, whose heart is the abode of a truly refreshing tenderness, willing to interest himself in her—the unfortunate!—inclined to extend to her a protection and sympathy truly amiable?"

Monsieur the Notary made a grimace at an oaken griffin-head in the richly carved mantelpiece, which bore to him a ludicrous and extraordinary resemblance, but maintained a dis-

creet and laudable silence, which, however, had the effect of throwing Madame into an increased rosiness of countenance, and a more vivacious sparkling of her black eyes.

"Truly!" she ejaculated, rising from her chair; "even the virtuous chivalry of this excellent youth becomes ugly in your suspicious and jaundiced eyes."

The suspicious and jaundiced eyes of the notary followed Madame with a *droit* expression as she sailed from the apartment; but, as she closed the door, the old gravity returned to him.

"All tends to point me toward discovery as a serious duty," he said, softly, rising from his easy-chair, and pacing up and down the lofty apartment. "This chivalrous interest of the young comte in this lovely and helpless being would be better met and felled by her natural protectors."

He stopped and mused for a moment, and then laughed with a comical expression of humorous sarcasm.

"Droll!" he continued, "that such mystery should be thrown round what, after all, is doubtless, a circumstance sufficiently simple, by this odd caprice of the old Therese to remain *incognita*. Well, my old lady, I cannot permit your folly to surround your charge with a complication of evil circumstances. It would be well to be in communication with her relatives before the arrival of Milord Rosclerra and his party."

He reseated himself by the fire, and drawing a note-book from his pocket, methodically entered a memorandum in it—

"To set aside any business which might interfere with the seeking a clue to the relatives, guardians, or protectors, if such there be, of our unknown guest."

CHAPTER XVIII.—M. BOUCHON IS A GOOD AGENT.

MONSIEUR THE PHYSICIAN stood looking out through the ambitious roses at the southern window of the Blue and White Room, ponderously gesticulating as he spoke to Madame Bouchon, who listened to him with sudden upraisings of the plump hands, sharp little ejaculations expressive of surprise, and quick, backward glances at a couch drawn close to the sparkling fire, on which, arrayed in a white *peignoir*, lay Victor's Ophelia.

Could it be the wavering of the light from without across the transparent features that lent them a faint glow and animation, or was it the faint stirring of the spirit awakening within?

In a corner, as far removed from the flood of joyful sunlight and firelight as possible, sat Therese in her usual attitude—erect, motionless, her yellow hands clasped on her knees. But her face had changed. The grim, expressionless austerity had disappeared, while in its place a sombre cunning, an intense and anxious eagerness, which now fixed itself on the pair at the window, had stamped itself.

It was evident that Ophelia, as we must call her, was the subject of their conversation, and so certainly as a movement or look of theirs indicated the fragile creature, so surely the piercing eyes of Therese followed the look or gesture.

"Yes, Madame," Dr. Le Grace was saying, "I have every reason to believe that a very gradual but perceptible and sure change is taking place in the mind of mademoiselle. It is not improbable that some sudden shock might at once galvanize her torpid mind into activity."

Madame looked round with interest at the young girl, whose eyes were riveted on the fire. "But, then, monsieur will at once perceive that in this quiet château such a circumstance is not likely to occur."

"That is true; wherefore, I imagine that her recovery will be sufficiently tedious. Has not any clue yet been obtained to her family?"

Madame shook her head and glanced at Therese, whose eyes were at the instant fastened on her countenance.

"No," she returned; "she is, of course, incapable herself of furnishing one; and that unlovely old Therese is possessed of some extraordinary caprice which makes her refuse the least sign to guide one to a conclusion. It is frightful to contemplate the anxiety her conduct must be causing the friends of mademoiselle!"

The physician smiled with a dry and caustic expression, and his keen glance turned from the climbing roses on which it had been idly resting, and fell first upon Therese, gaunt, tigerish, and saturnine, and then upon the helpless and spiritual-looking creature on the couch.

"Madame will not disturb her benevolent heart, commiserating the anxiety of relatives capable of trusting a young person in the truly melancholy situation of mademoiselle to such a guardian," he remarked, with a shrug of his ample shoulders; and again returning to the roses, which he stroked and caressed delicately with his fat, large forefinger, as though they were living things, he observed:

"Were not my time more than fully occupied, I would suggest to myself as a pleasant pastime the unravelling of this little mystery. As it is—"

Again he shrugged his shoulders, and smelt at the roses, and spread abroad his large hands, to signify that he had no leisure for such agreeable holiday amusement.

Madame looked a little chagrined, and made a faint protest with her plump hands. Her feminine curiosity had been stretched to the utmost, and as Bouchon had not confided to her his resolution to investigate the affair thoroughly, she saw herself placed in a somewhat awkward position.

It was not in the nature of things that she could regard the possibility of the entire charge of this young creature devolving on her, for an indefinite period, with indifference; while the real benevolence of her disposition loudly proclaimed the impossibility of delivering her

again into the care of the old woman and her goblin follower. She smoothed down the folds of her dress, and glanced disconsolately at the physician, who hummed to himself in a rich and gurgling voice, and broke off a rose from its stem, which he placed in the buttonhole of his overcoat.

"I commend that old cat to your watchfulness, madame," he said, indicating Therese with a movement of his head as he drew on his driving-gloves, "and I would earnestly recommend to monsieur your husband the advisability of again seeking a clue. If circumstances should arise in which my services can be of use, I am altogether at madame's commands."

So, with a parting glance at his quiet patient, and a rapid and searching look at Therese, the doctor departed, leaving madame more than ever disturbed in her mind, and apparently Therese in the same state, for, as the door closed behind them, an extraordinary expression crossed her countenance, and she opened and shut her hands as though in imagination she were clawing the physician's heart out of his stout body.

The notary, sitting in a small apartment overlooking the avenue leading from the chateau, in the choice company of musty parchments, a huge inkstand, like a pond in which a disappointed author might commit suicide, and a perfect arsenal of pens, looked absently out as he heard the physician's carriage roll away from the door, and continued to look absently out after it had disappeared under the leafless trees which were dancing their skeleton boughs in the morning sunlight, as though the vivifying touch of Spring was already descending on them.

A melodious bird poised itself in the air close to the window, and joyfully serenaded the jovial sunlight, and objects seemed to be acquiring that rosy tinge which they lose at the approach of Winter.

The face of the notary was, however, more akin to Winter than to Spring. It was dark; the expression of it was that of considerable chagrin, and a deep frown contracted his brows. He bit the feather of his pen savagely, but unconsciously, and rattled the tips of his bony fingers on the table at which he sat. Objects moved before his eyes which he did not see, and sounds fell on his ears unheard by him. The memorandum-book in which he had made the entry on the previous night lay at his elbow, but pushed aside as though in a fit of impatience.

It was plain that he was seeking the solution of an enigma which either possessed none, or one so closely veiled as to be inscrutable. Every possible explanation of the conduct of Therese had in turn presented itself to his active mind, only to be rejected as absurdly romantic and untenable; for, as may have been already surmised, the notary was one of those beings who not only outwardly, but mentally, eschew and ignore anything savoring of what is not essentially belonging to the acknowledged routine of life. Yet one may frequently observe in such persons that they are secretly governed by impulses which, unknown to themselves, are the offspring of a naturally romantic and imaginative disposition, however curbed, reined or valued by habits of education or prejudice.

The notary longed to find some commonplace explanation of the mystery which appeared to surround Therese and her charge, for the mere idea of his becoming involved in any series of events which could not be reduced to the level of a business memorandum was sufficiently distasteful to him.

Thus, had the wildest convulsion of revenge or jealousy urged him to take the life of his rival or enemy, he would have entered it neatly:

"On such a date, murdered Monsieur ———, at the hour of 10 A.M. precisely."

As he looked vacantly out at the gilded trees, his eyes—not, however, from any exercise of volition on his part—fixed themselves on an object that was not a tree, and that the sportive sunbeams failed to glorify, though they touched.

Presently bringing the eyes of his soul to the aid of his bodily vision, he perceived that this sombre object was the black cloak of a woman, who walked stiffly, but rapidly, away from the chateau through the trees.

Seized by a sudden convulsion of curiosity, the notary sprang from his chair, and thrust his face so suddenly and incautiously toward the window, that his thin and sensitive nose came in violent contact with the glass, and tingled so acutely as for an instant to blur his vision. After wiping his eyes, he looked again, but the woman had disappeared.

"Nevertheless," said the notary, withdrawing from the window, "I am not mistaken. That was none other than the mysterious Therese, and this is the first occasion on which she has quitted the chateau since she entered it."

"But," urged that discreet virtue, common-sense, "is it not very likely that the good woman has been tempted out by the beauty of this genial morning?"

"Very probable, indeed," assented the notary, promptly; but, despite his acquiescence, he hurriedly left the apartment, and shortly afterward the chateau.

The arms of the leafless limes filtered a whole Atlantic of sunlight on him as presently he found himself walking down the avenue, and by-and-by emerging from their sparse shade into a prairie of broad, wide-stretching light, he turned his steps in the direction of the abode of Pierrot Vantage, at whose swinging gate he presently arrived, but was deflected therefrom by the hostile dog, secretly encouraged by some half-dozen plump, yellow little lumps, whose teeth and eyes glittered joyously in the sunshine as they enjoyed, from a safe distance, the discomfiture of the notary, who showered maledictions on the cur, and vague, but terrific threats on the young Vantages.

The outcry and hubbub, however, was not long in reaching the ears of their father, who, in a dirty blouse, open at neck as though he

were preparing for the guillotine, and with a long and formidable pipe between his thick, Moorish-looking lips, slowly emerged from the porch, where he had been enjoying a siesta, until disturbed by the uproar, heralding the approach of the notary, at whom, as he advanced toward the gate, Pierrot glanced with a beetle-browed suspicion and inquiry.

As their parent approached, the young Vantages disappeared among the vine-poles, their sleek black heads glancing in the sunshine like the backs of plump and prosperous crows, and the cur rapidly retreated round the corner of the house with a howl of anticipated anguish, leaving the notary and Pierrot looking at each other over the slowly vibrating gate.

A night view of Monsieur Vantage certainly promised little, so that the observer was not disappointed that the sunshine failed to brighten him, and that indeed he looked many degrees more brutal and savage under its searching rays than in the charitable gloom of night.

"Good-day, my friend," said the notary. "I am coming in, so you need not trouble yourself to close the gate," for Vantage had laid his brawny hand on it, as though about to shut it. With the air of one who hides a curse under a smile, Pierrot grinned and moved aside in order to allow of the entrance of the notary.

"Monsieur is very condescending," he said, "to visit his poor neighbors so frequently. I suppose monsieur requires something."

"What discernment you possess!" said the notary, admiringly. "Such penetration deserves to be met with candor; so I admit that you are perfectly right. Your old lodger has just returned?"

Pierrot nodded, and gazed vacantly at the smoke rising from his pipe. The black heads of the children bobbed up and down amongst the vine-poles, as they stealthily surveyed their father and his guest, and the nose of the cur reappeared round the corner of the house, as he apparently calculated his chances of escaping a kick, on their next meeting, from the heavy sabots of his master.

"Hum!" ejaculated the notary, and would have proceeded to speak, but at this instant Therese emerged from the shadow of the porch, accompanied by her deformed attendant, and walked rapidly toward a small gate in the back boundary wall which led into an unfrequented portion of the Soulanges park.

Her appearance was that of one strangely excited, and grasping the muscular arm of her companion, she moved quickly away, evidently without having observed the presence of the notary, who stood gazing after her until she disappeared from his sight.

"My good Vantage," said the notary, declining, by a gesture, to enter the house. "I just ran in this lovely morning to tell you that I must seriously think of the proposals of the worthy Chevaux concerning your vineyard. My friend, that man has colossal ideas. He would restore this dilapidated place to its pristine comfort and excellence, and his wines command a higher price than thine."

Vantage took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at the notary, who looked with a melancholy air at the ruinous walls and falling chimneys of the establishment, and shook his head.

"Yes, command so much a higher price than thine, that he would not feel the increased rent which I would charge him. A prudent man is Chevaux!"

"The miserable pig!" said Vantage, threatening an airy Chevaux with his clinched hand. "He has not one, two, three, four, five, six, seven little ones to bring up as Christians, so he can strut in the sun like a peacock, and attend the fêtes at the village, like a great seigneur, in his coat of fine cloth and his ruffled shirt. May the devil seize him with his hottest tongs, the rascal!"

The voice and gesture of Vantage were so furious, that the nose of the cur disappeared instantly behind the house, and the heads of the seven little Vantages ceased to bob amongst the vine-poles.

"Softly, softly, my friend!" expostulated the notary. "Chevaux is certainly a worthy man; but it is only under certain circumstances that I would allow him to dispossess you. Do you comprehend?"

Vantage stared stolidly at the notary, and then in a grumbling voice answered:

"No!"

"Well, well," said the notary, "supposing, as I once before hinted, that I require a watch kept on your lodgers, and information conveyed to me of all that may occur in your house connected with them; and supposing that you were to decline to undertake the task and execute it faithfully, then I might encourage Chevaux in the hope of obtaining the Vantage vineyard. Do you comprehend?"

Vantage looked less stolid, and nodded.

"Oh!" he said, with a simple candor, "if you desired me to murder a man, I would do so rather than surrender my vineyard to that villainous guinea-pig. To watch a half-crazed creature is no such difficult task."

"Then we understand each other perfectly?" inquired the notary.

"You understand me," said Vantage; "but, faith, I can't return monsieur the compliment."

The notary smiled amiably, and drawing a glittering and new franc from his pocket, flung it dextrously amongst the crow-like heads again visible amongst the vine-poles, where it immediately excited a fierce and not unbloody conflict for its possession amongst six of the little Christians, whilst the seventh, who was the weakest, and also the most cunning, taking advantage of the turmoil amongst his brethren, seized the prize and quickly hid it.

"Bonjour, my good Vantage," said the notary; "let the lynx be an example to you, and Chevaux may wait for the vineyard."

"Monsieur is truly friendly," replied Vantage, ushering his guest out of the creaking gate.

"Apropos," said the notary, turning back

for a moment, "where does that little gate lead to?"

He pointed to the gate through which Therese had disappeared.

"That, monsieur, opens on a narrow path which leads through the heart of the old park to the ruined cottage of the old forester who died in a mysterious manner when I was the size of my little François yonder. They say, the foolish ones, that his spectre promenades the alleys surrounding his old dwelling every night."

"That path is not much in use, then?" said the notary.

Vantage shrugged his huge shoulders. "No one would tread it after dark, even lighted by a holy candle; but I—I have more than the heart of a chicken, and I have done so more than once."

"Brave fellow!" said the notary. "Ah, Vantage, we want a few more like you in the world."

"Monsieur is very good!"

"Adieu, Vantage."

"Adieu, monsieur, and if I meet that Chevaux, who would turn my little angels out of their dwelling—"

"You will not molest him," said the notary, decisively. "Understand, I will not have him annoyed. He is an excellent man."

"As monsieur wishes."

The notary emerged again into the boundless prairie of blushing light, and walked briskly away, watched curiously by Vantage, leaning idly against the antiquated and ruinous pillar of the swinging and creaking gate.

In the meantime, on re-entering the Soulanges park, the notary, instead of seeking the chateau by the lime avenue, struck off rapidly in the direction of the old forester's ruined cottage. As he penetrated into the woods, all traces of cultivation disappeared, and his path was in spots impeded by a growth of under-wood. In the covert, as he passed, wide-eyed stags bounded away in terror, which proclaimed them almost unused to the sight of man, and so closely were the arms of the trees interwoven above him, that had they been covered with foliage he would have walked in a deep and mysterious shadow.

Presently, through the trunks of the trees, the outlines of the ruin became visible, and at the same moment the sound of voices in earnest conversation reached his ears.

He crept cautiously forward, and concealing himself behind the shadow, looked earnestly in the direction whence the sounds came.

Through the ruined doorway he observed two persons in earnest and rapid conversation, and his face assumed a variety of expressions, as he lent himself to the task of listening.

(To be continued.)

A BLIND MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

MR. FAWCETT, who is one of the most rising men in the British Parliament accomplished, recently, what may be fairly called a remarkable, perhaps even an extraordinary feat. He spoke on the subject of the Government of the Indian Empire, in reply to the speech of Mr. Grant Duff, the Under Secretary of State for India—spoke for nearly four hours, introducing masses of figures and long citations from official documents into his speech, making a statistical argument; and all this, of course, without a note or memorandum of any kind to assist him, for Mr. Fawcett is blind. The speech was fluent in delivery, as close and symmetrical in argument, as exact in its array of figures and quotations, as though it were read from a book. Not once did the speaker stumble in a sentence or go back to set right an inaccurate figure. This was a performance which may almost be called unparalleled. Few men in the House blessed with the full use of all their senses could have accomplished it as the blind man did.

Mr. Fawcett is decidedly making a remarkable way in Parliament. Personally his privation seems to trouble him but little. He is as full of healthy animal spirits as a schoolboy, and he delights in all manly exercises. He is fond of fishing, and even of skating; the latter amusement he contrives to enjoy by holding the end of a stick, while some companion of equal skill on the ice holds the other, and thus the thing can be safely done. Mr. Fawcett's infirmity naturally leads him into awkward predicaments sometimes. In a London club one night, when he was present, the name of a certain wealthy member of Parliament was mentioned. Let us call him Mr. Thomas Panner. "Tom Panner," exclaimed Fawcett, in his loud, cheery voice, "is a good fellow, but he is the most ignorant man in the House of Commons!" The listeners were reduced to utter and horrified silence, for Mr. Panner himself had just entered the room in time to hear this panegyric.

METAL PAPER-HANGINGS.

PAPER-HANGINGS for walls are known to everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tinfoil, in sheets about sixteen feet long and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted, and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitation of wood, or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tinfoil is in itself naturally tough, and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market increase the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the walls are painted with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheet applied thereto. Thus, in this way a room or

a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates.

Moreover, tinfoil keeps out damp; and as the varnish is a damp resister, the protection to the room is twofold. Experience has shown also that cornices, moldings and irregular surfaces may be covered with the tinfoil as readily as a flat surface; hence, there is no part of a dwelling-house or public building which may not be decorated with these new sheets; and, as regards style and finish, all who saw the specimens exhibited at the reading of the paper were made aware that the highest artistic effects could be achieved at pleasure. The decoration of small tin plates for ornamental purposes has, we hear, been introduced into Cornwall, the county of tin. In this case the color and pattern are printed on the plates by means of lithographic stones and rollers, but to insure excellence and permanence, the plates must be heated. Difficulty was first experienced in keeping the plates at the required temperature, the upper part of the oven being always hotter than the lower, but it was overcome by fitting into the oven a vertical roundabout, which carried the plates from top to bottom of the oven during the whole process of heating. We think there are many purposes to which these plates could be applied beyond that of mere ornament.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Vermont Legislature has declined to abolish the death penalty.

THE Freshman class of Cornell University has selected green as its class color.

THE Massachusetts Temperance Alliance asks for \$20,000 during the ensuing year.

THIRTEEN young ladies have applied for admission to the Yale school of journalism.

MARY SOMERVILLE, the celebrated mathematician and writer on astronomy, is dead.

A HUNDRED dead Chinese were shipped in one freight envelope from San Francisco lately.

REV. H. R. WAITE, of New York, will take charge of the American Union Church at Rome.

ENGLAND still sticks to the custom of burying suicides at night, with no mourners permitted to attend.

THE National Academy of Science has resolved to ask Congress for aid. Professors Pierce and Agassiz are earnest in support of the plan.

A SET of eucharistic vessels are about to be sent out to the Rev. Dr. Steere, now in charge of the mission at Zanzibar, as a testimony of regard and esteem.

A YOUNG married woman, who had refused to allow a public vaccinator to take lymph from the arm of her child, has been fined by the Hammersmith (London) police magistrates.

A NEW feature has lately been added to the Russian Constitution, which is, that all the males shall go into the army. The law has not gone into operation, but will as soon as the details are arranged.

THE President has nominated Ward Hunt, of New York, to succeed Mr. Nelson as Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, and J. L. Orr, of South Carolina, to succeed Mr. Curtin, as Minister to Russia.

THE Rev. Benjamin I. Haight, D.D., of New York, has been elected Bishop of Massachusetts by the Protestant Episcopal Convention of that State, in place of the Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, D.D., deceased.

THE Rev. L. D. Huston, D.D., of Baltimore, whose case has been the subject of so much unfavorable comment, will have a formal trial before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, next March.

SOME idea of the enormous profits made on little things may be gained from the fact that a few weeks ago a party of capitalists offered to pay the French Government 16,000,000 francs per annum for a monopoly of the trade in matches. The offer was accepted.

STATISTICS of fires, recently compiled, show that \$76,000,000 were lost through isolated conflagrations in the United States within the period of two years, the Chicago and Boston conflagrations not considered. Twelve per cent. of them owed their origin to kerosene.

THERE is a shell mound near San Pablo, Cal., which is nearly a mile long and half a mile wide. Numerous Indian skeletons, implements of stone, bones of dogs, birds, etc., have been found in it. The skeleton of a babe, wrapped in red silk, is one of the curiosities unearthed.

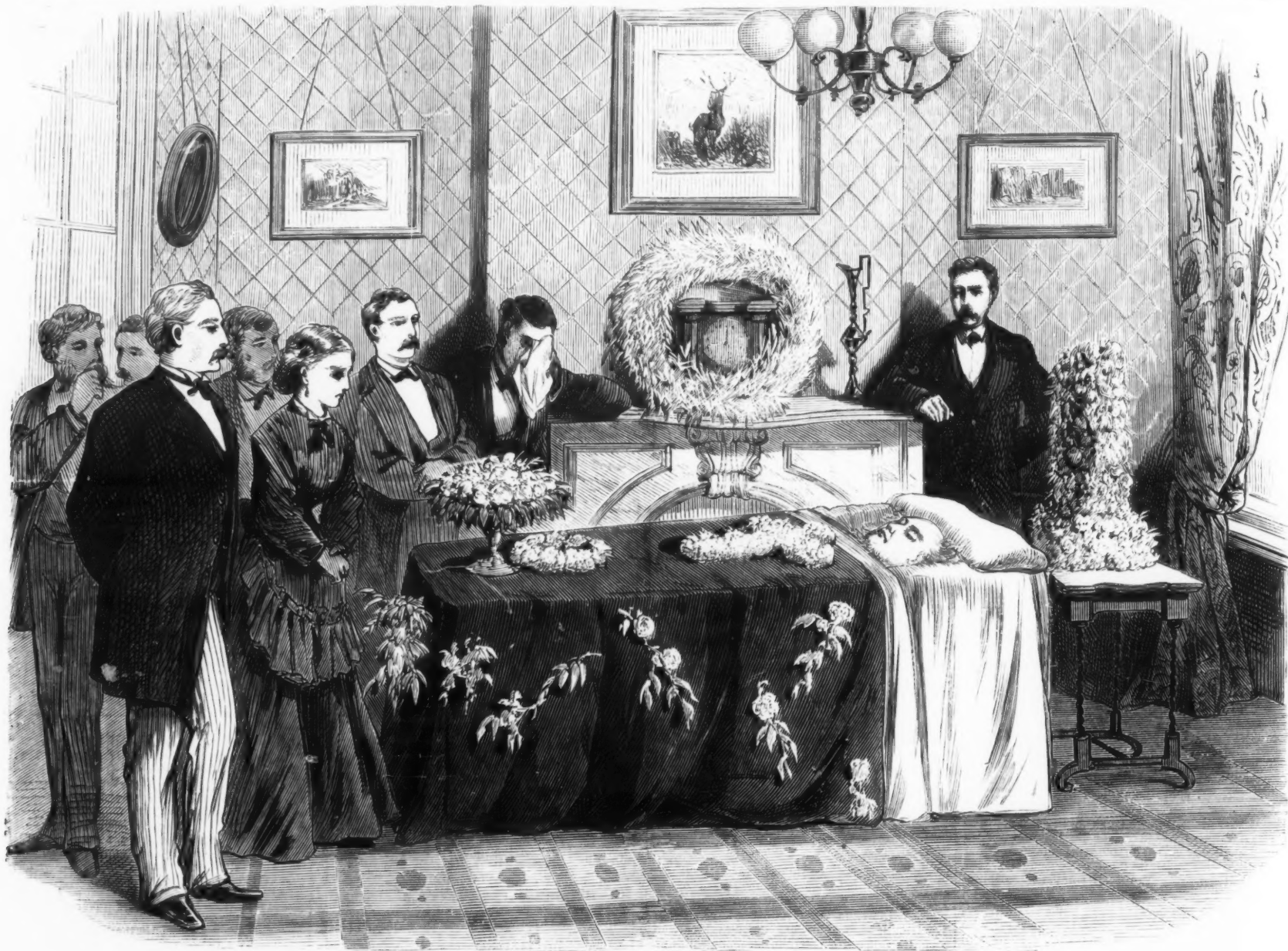
THE strike of the stokers lately employed by the London gas companies continues, but the worst is over. The inhabitants of the city have supplied themselves with oil-lamps and candles, and are able to meet the inconvenience occasioned by the limited supply of gas. Several of the city theatres were lighted with oil. The Strand was lighted with burning lime during night.

TOM TAYLOR, the English playwright and art writer, has left the Government service, the office held having been superseded by the new Local Government Board. He entered the public service in 1850 as Assistant Secretary to the then Public Health Act Board, at £750 per annum, and in 1855 was appointed Secretary under the Local Government Act, at a salary of £1,000 a year. He now retires, at the age of 45, with a pension of £250 a year.

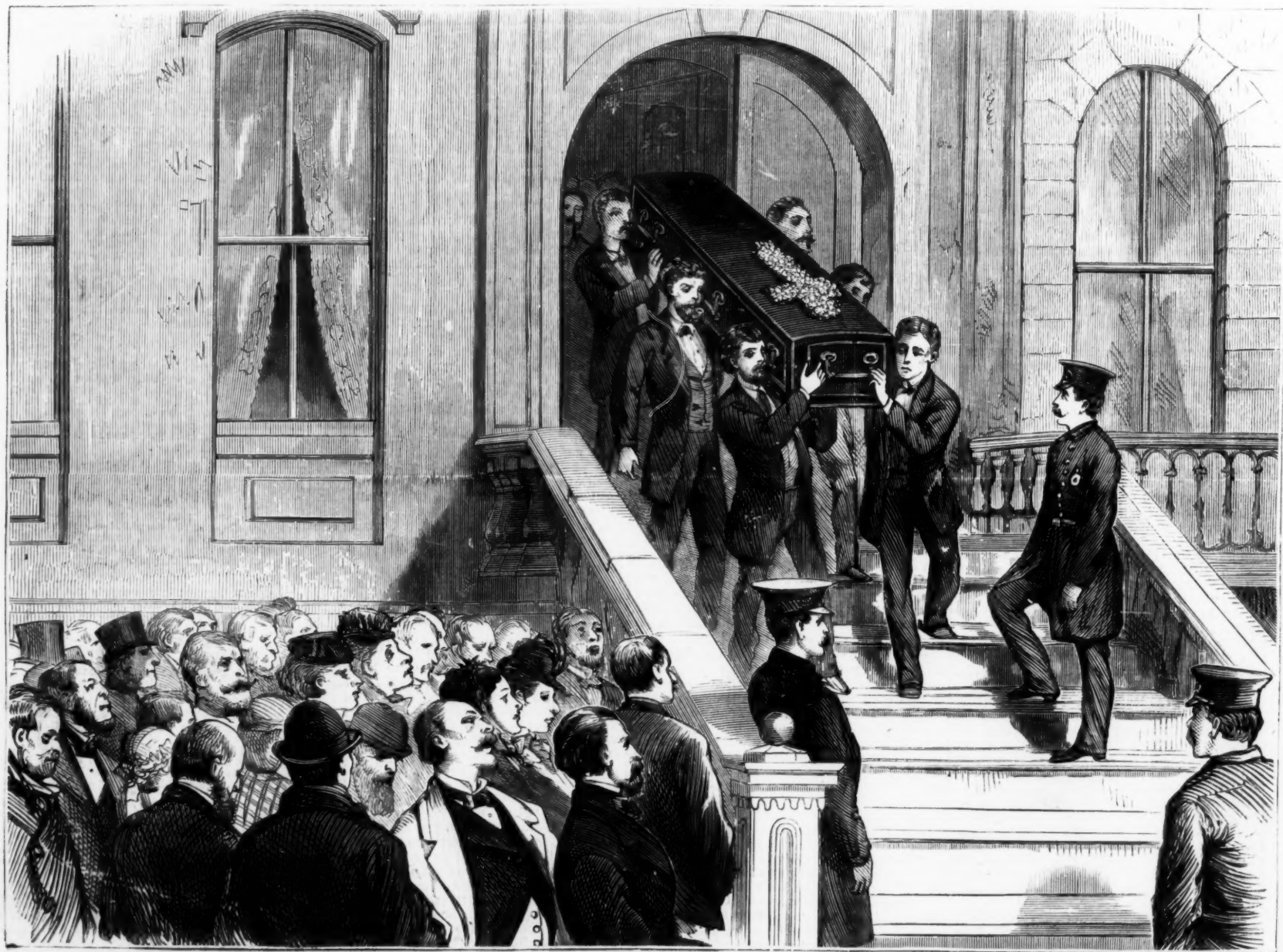
THE debut of Miss Nellie Grant, who will make her first appearance in society this Winter, will add brilliancy to the entertainments at the White House. A young lady in the White House will be a novelty. There has never been one installed there in such a position. Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of Mr. Buchanan, did the honors for her uncle, but no one of our Presidents has had a daughter to assist in doing the honors of the Presidential mansion.

THE second annual meeting of the National Prison Association of the United States will be held at Baltimore for three days, or longer if necessary, commencing on the 21st of January next. Horatio Seymour will preside at this session, and papers written by eminent correspondents of the Association in Europe, such as M. Demetz, the founder of Metz; Miss Mary Carpenter, and Sir Walter Crofton, will be read, as also will others by American writers.

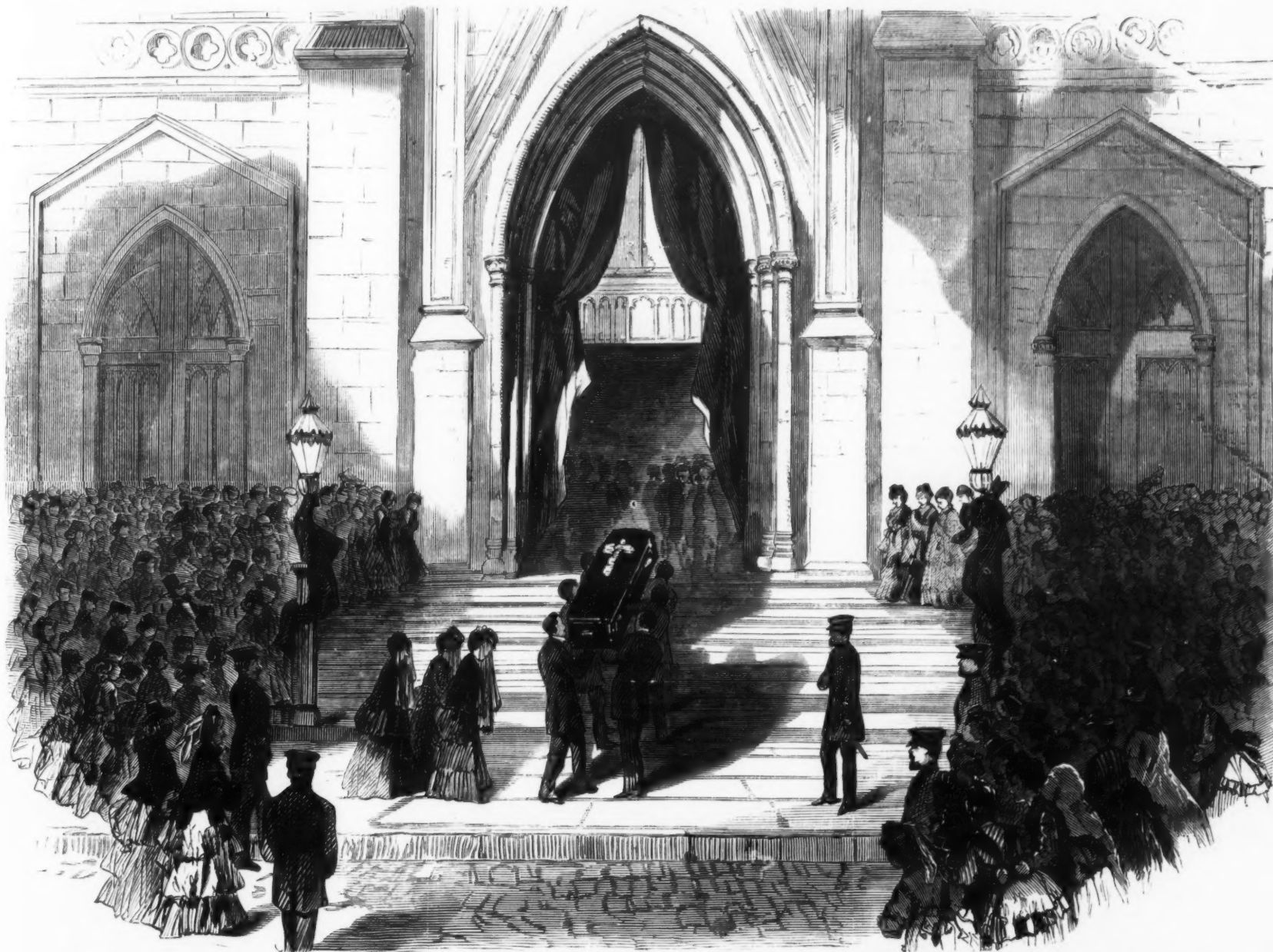
RUSSIANS are terribly afflicted with passports. No foreigner can remain more than three days at a Russian hotel without giving his passport into the hands of the police, who return it to him when he desires to leave town, on payment of a small fee. No Russian subject, even, can travel from one town to another within the Empire without papers from the Government authorizing him so to do. A merchant of this city cannot go to Moscow without permission of the authorities. The Poles cannot even stay in their homes without passports! Every six months they have to procure papers to enable them to live at their own firesides.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELEY—FRIENDS VIEWING THE REMAINS IN THE PARLOR OF THE RESIDENCE OF MR. SAMUEL SINCLAIR, IN FORTY-FIFTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 239.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELEY—REMOVING THE REMAINS FROM MR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE TO THE CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 239.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELEY—THE REMAINS BEING CARRIED INTO THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE PATERNITY, ON FIFTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 239.



BROOKLYN.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELEY—THE LAST SCENE—THE FINAL PRAYER AT THE GRAVE IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—SEE PAGE 239.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

This is an epizootic advertisement from Joliet: Wanted—A good family man, suitable for a buggy; must be gentle and quiet, and easily managed by a lady driver. Any person having such an animal will find a ready purchaser by addressing "Lady," box 5,001, Joliet, P. O.

"Are you going to make a flower-bed here, Judkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener. "Yes, mum; them's the borders," answered the gardener. "Why, it'll quite spoil our croquet-ground!" "Can't help it, mum; them's your pa's borders; he says as how to hev it laid out, for 'orticultur, not for 'usbandry!"

A man had an unreasonable grudge against his minister, that lasted twenty-five years. But at last the hand of death knocked at the door of the parishioner, and he sent for his pastor. The good man hastily obeyed the summons with a solemn delight, as his being thus called showed a mellowing of the heart of the dying man which promised reconciliation with both heaven and himself. "You sent for me?" he said, as he approached the bedside. "Yes," answered the dying man, whose breath was short and difficult; "I have but a few hours to live, and I sent—sent for you to say that this is your last—your last chance to apologize!"

That was a fearful mess in which a paper involved two of its advertisements. The foreman, somehow or other, in placing the type in the form, got an obituary notice mixed up with a manager's advertisement, so the following appalling paragraph met the eye of the reader: "Died—on the 12th instant, William H. Hyena and the baby elephant, McManus, at the age of six comic mules whose loss is our gain. Professor Johnson, who enters the den of lions, afflictions sore long time placed his head in the mouth of the ferocious physicians were in vain, and the performing monkeys will join him on the other shore with the gun, which comes from the deserts of Africa, where the funeral takes place at four o'clock, and the friends of the family are invited. Admission 25 cents, children to proceed to Blackwood Cemetery. Peanuts for sale on the grounds. Gone, but not forgotten."

IF

You wish to purchase Real Laces, Fine Furs, Cloak Velvets, Shawls, Sacques, Holiday Goods, etc., cheaper than at any other establishment in the country, call at or write to Ehrich's Temple of Fashion, 287 and 289 Eighth Avenue, near Twenty-fourth Street. Our Full Price-list and express directions sent free on application.

The approach of the holidays suggests to all thoughtful housekeepers the necessity of making due provision for the festivities of the season, and the question becomes important where they can supply themselves with the finest quality of wines, liquor, tea, coffee, and similar articles at the most moderate prices. In such an emergency the connoisseur will advise those who are in doubt to visit the stores of Messrs. Albro Brothers, in the Bowery, where they will undoubtedly find as varied, extensive and excellent an assortment of all the delicacies usually sold by first-class grocers as can be found in our city.

THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING-MACHINE is a perfect lock-stitch machine, making a seam alike on both sides, and is adapted to every grade and variety of family sewing. It does to perfection embroidery, hemming, cording, braiding, fine and coarse sewing of all kinds, with less machinery and complications than any other machine in use, and is sold at two-thirds the price of all other first-class machines. Be sure to call and see it. Sales-room at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.

The saving of time accomplished by using the Willcox & Gibbs Silent Family Sewing Machine in preference to any double-thread machine whatever, is an unmistakable boon to anxious, overworked mothers, as well as to professional dressmakers. There are many other reasons for preferring the "Willcox & Gibbs." Send for *Sewing Machine Leaflets*, 658 Broadway, New York.

The beautiful tribute of the Common Council to the memory of Horace Greeley was arranged by M. Le Mout, the florist. It contained the coat-of-arms, with a tender motto, combined in the most artistic manner. The piece was ordered one afternoon and delivered the following morning, the florist displaying an unequalled rapidity in completing his magnificent study. M. Le Mout also furnished many other noticeable pieces, all exhibiting the purest taste and speediest execution.

NICOL, DAVIDSON & CO., 686 Broadway, near Great Jones Street, New York, offer a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Real Bronze Clocks; Mantel Sets, Groups, Figures; Bisque, Parian; Enamel Bronze Jewel Boxes; China, Glass; Gas Fixtures and Chandeliers, in Crystal, Gilt or Bronze, at a small advance on cost of importation.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. REV. W. V. MILLIGAN, Cambridge, Ohio, has saved with her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine hundreds of dollars in the last ten years without a cent for repairs. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.

A FINE line of sets of the now fashionable Coral Rosebuds in gold, at extremely popular prices. Some very handsome at \$25—worth \$40; and those of higher grade equally cheap in proportion. Any goods C. O. D., privilege to examine before paying. F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, New York. 899-302

KALDENBERG, of 6 John and 71 Nassau, has the finest Meerschaum Pipes and Cigar-Holders, of the newest designs, ever offered in this city. He also has a new process of bolting pipes, that preserves their color unsurpassed in beauty and durability.

43 YEARS AGO.—Having done business with the Detroit Tribune more or less since 1829, I feel sufficiently acquainted with its merits as an advertising medium to pronounce unqualifiedly in its favor. J. L. KING, corner Woodward and Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is noted for its table and rich furniture.

MOULES PATENT EARTHCLOSET; simplest, cheapest, and most effective in the market. Send for circular, EARTHCLOSET COMPANY, 31 Courtlandt St., New York. 898-99

Dress Coats for Bells, etc., for sale and to hire. Custom clothing, Broadway misfits, etc., always on hand. Cheap, durable working clothes, for men and boys, in good variety. Overcoats and jackets, from \$5 to \$25. Suits \$10 and \$15. Prices low. SILEA, the Clothier, 427 Broome Street, one block East of Broadway. 896-307

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED

Without suffering. ELASTIC TRUSSES are superseding all others. Before buying Metal Trusses or Supporters, send for a descriptive circular to the ELASTIC TRUSS CO., No. 683 Broadway, New York. 889-941

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials. 11

DOUGAN, Manufacturer and Importer of Hats, 102 Nassau Street, cor. Ann, N. Y. 899-901

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan. Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, BLACKHEADS and FLESHWORMS.

Use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. 891-911

"To save money," spend it in buying good!

CABLE SCREW WIRE
Boots and Shoes. Try them.

The Atlantic Cable is a National benefit; so are

SILVER TIPPED

Shoes for children. Never wear through at the toe. Try them. For Sale by all Dealers.

\$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 887-99

"The best magazine for children in the world."—S. S. TIMES.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

An illustrated magazine, edited by T. S. ARTHUR. This favorite of the children "from five to fifteen" will, for 1873, be as pure and as full of attractive reading and beautiful pictures as ever. Price, \$1.25 a year; 5 copies, \$5. Sample numbers, 10 cents.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia. 899-100 cow

AGENTS—Ladies particularly—can make money working for us, as there is no competition, and the goods are wanted by every one. Address, The McKEE Mfg Co., 309 Broadway, New York. 899-902

MOTHERS, YOUNG LADIES, INFANTS.
NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS PARINA.
The Mother's Milk Substitute.
Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIE & Co., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1854.
RANDELL'S
MEN'S
FURNISHING ROOMS,
554 & 556 EIGHTH AVE.,
Bet. 37th and 38th Sts., New York.
GOODS FOR MEN'S WEAR ONLY.
New York Mills Shirts, - - - \$36 00
Tuscarora do. do. - - - 30 00
Tuscarora do. do. - - - 24 00
Eagle do. do. - - - 18 00
ONE PRICE. CASH ON DELIVERY. 899-902

RUBBER Stamps, Steel Letters, the Little Gem, Stencil Dies, etc., U. S. Mfg Co., 97 W. Lombard St., Balto. \$10 a day to Agents. 899-902

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 850-901

\$20.00
BILLIARD TABLE.
Black Walnut. Patent Rubber Cushions. Full size. Cues and Balls complete. Send for Diagram. ABBOT & NICHOLS, 85 LIBERTY ST., N. Y. 11

At MEARES' SIXTH AVENUE & NINETEENTH ST.

STRANGERS and FAMILIES visiting the City can find a very large and elegant assortment of TOYS and FANCY GOODS.

VIENNA and RUSSIA LEATHER POCKET BOOKS, GLOVE, HDKF. and WORK-BOXES. WILLOW SEWING STANDS, and SILK-LINED WORK-BASKETS. FINEST WAX and FRENCH DOLLS, with real hair, dressed and undressed. FACED PAPER BON-BON, GLOVE and HDKF. BOXES, on which we make a liberal reduction to parties purchasing for Fairs and Sunday Schools.

SILKS, DRESS GOODS and LACES. DRESS TRIMMINGS, SASHES and RIBBONS. HOSIERY, GLOVES and UNDERGARMENTS. FINE FRENCH FLOWERS and MILLINERY GOODS. INITIAL HEM-STITCH HDKFS, fine quality, 50c. LADIES' READY-MADE UNDERCLOTHING. PAJAMERS, HOOPSKIRTS and FELT-SKIRTS, At Remarkably Low Prices.

RICHARD MEARES, SIXTH AVE. & NINETEENTH ST., NEW YORK. 899-900

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.
BROADWAY & 19TH ST.
New York.

The Holiday Season,

Pompadour Silks,
Brocade and Plain Cashmere Siciliens,
Evening Silks, Irish Poplins,
Reception Costumes, Cloaking Velvets,
Cloaks and Rich Furs,
India Camel's Hair Shawls,
Cashmere and Wool Shawls,
Rich Laces, Wedding Trousseau,
Paris Embroideries,
Initial, Hemmed and Tape-Bordered Handkerchiefs, in Fancy Boxes,
French and English Dress Goods,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Merino and Flannel Underwear,
Perforated Buckskin Underwear,
English and French Cardigan Jackets,
Dressing Robes and Smoking Jackets,
Neck-Wear of Every Description,
Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs,
"Chosson's" Kid Gloves, 1 to 10 Buttons,
Gants de Swede, 2 to 4 Buttons,
Castor and Dogskin Gloves, 1, 2 and 3 Buttons,
Umbrellas and Chatelaines,
Hosiery of Every Description,
Seal and other Winter Gloves,
Fancy Glove Boxes,
Lace-Bordered Table Cloths,
Table Cloths and Napkins to Match,
Emb'd, Braided and Ruffled Pillow Shams, and Sheets to Match,
Fringed Lunch Cloths,
Applique, Nottingham, and other Lace Tidies.
Together with a fine assortment of

BLANKETS,
PLAIN & FANCY FLANNELS,
MARSEILLES QUILTS,
ETC.

LADIES' OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.

Lady's Trousseau "A" for \$150.

3 Muslin Chemises.....@ \$2.00.....	\$6.00
3 Linen Chemises.....@ 4.75.....	14.25
1 Bridal Set (3 pieces).....@	12.00
3 Pairs Muslin Drawers.....@ 2.00.....	6.00
3 Pairs Linen Drawers.....@ 2.75.....	8.25
3 Plain Cotton Skirts.....@ 2.25.....	6.75
3 Tucked Cotton Skirts.....@ 3.00.....	9.00
3 Plain Muslin Night Dresses.....@ 3.50.....	10.50
3 Tucked Cambric Night Dresses.....@ 5.00.....	15.00
3 Emb'd Cambric Night Dresses.....@ 7.00.....	21.00
1 Flannel Skirt.....@	5.00
1 Flannel Skirt Embroidered.....@	8.25
2 Corset Covers.....@ 3.25.....	6.50
2 Dressing Sacques.....@ 3.50.....	7.00
1 Robe de Chambre.....@	14.50

The whole or any single article of either of the above Outfits may be had upon application, or will be sent C.O.D. by Express. Every article is made in the best manner and from the best materials. Ladies' Trousseau "B" for \$200, and "C" for \$250.

LORD & TAYLOR,

Importers of and Dealers in Fashionable Dry Goods,
895, 897, 899 & 901 BROADWAY, cor. 20th St.
255, 257, 259 & 261 GRAND ST., cor. Chrystie St.

Gold Medal Awarded American Fair, New York, November, 1872.



WHOLESALE ROOMS OF THE United States Watch Co.,

GILES, BRO. & CO.

GILES, WALES & CO.

83 & 85 State Street, Chicago, Ill. No. 13 Maiden Lane, New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,

327 & 329 Sixth Avenue,

Importers of French Millinery Goods.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

No. 12, COLORED GROS-GRAIN, all silk, 42c.
No. 16, COLORED GROS-GRAIN, all silk, 48c.
50 cartons 7-inch COLORED SASH RIBBONS, all silk, 30c.; worth \$1.25.
20 cartons 6-in. COLD WATERED SASH RIBBONS, \$1.
100 cartons 6 and 7-inch WATERED VELVET SASH RIBBONS, 75c. and \$1. Goods which cost in gold \$1.25 and \$1.75 a yard.
25 cartons 6 and 7-inch BLACK SASH RIBBONS, all silk, 75c. and 90c.

ROMAN & FANCY WATERED SASHES.

50 dozen FELT HATS, at 95c.
200 dozen FINEST QUALITY FELT HATS, \$1.35.
100 dozen TRIMMED FELT HATS, \$2 and \$2.35.
75 dozen SILK VELVET HATS and BONNETS, \$2.98.
ROUND HATS IN SILK, VELVET & FELT.

LACES.

Black French Guipure, Black French Thread, Valenciennes, etc.

Black Thread Barbs, Point Gaze and Point Applique Handkerchiefs and Lace Veils.

Collars, Capes, Sets and Barbs, etc.

The Novelties in made-up LACE GOODS for evening wear and to order. A Specialty of

CHILDREN'S LACE CAPS.

GREAT BARGAINS IN VELVETS.

50 pieces BLACK SILK VELVET, \$2 and \$2.25.
25 pieces BLACK SILK VELVET, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.
27-inch BLACK SILK VELVET, \$4.75, reduced from \$6.
COLORED SILK VELVETS in all the newest shades.
500 doz. WINDSOR TIES, 50c. 1,000 doz. WINDSOR TIES, finest goods made, 63c. 500 doz. ROMAN TIES, 50c. CREPE DE CHINE SCARFS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, OSTRICH PLUMES, JET ORNAMENTS.

The largest and most complete stock of MILLINERY and LACE GOODS ever offered at retail in the city, selected with special care for fine city trade.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,
327 & 329 Sixth Ave. and Twentieth St.

TOYS

Holiday Goods

AT RETAIL.

OUR HOLIDAY EXHIBITION is now open, for which we have imported expressly all the LATEST NOVELTIES to be found in the EUROPEAN MARKET for our RETAIL TRADE, excelling all previous importations ever made in this country.

Strasburger & Pfeiffer,

394 BROADWAY

(Near Canal Street).

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. 899-900

DO AGENTS want absolutely the best selling books? Send for circulars of VENT'S UNABRIDGED ILLUS. FAMILY BIBLE. Over 1,100 pages, 10 by 12 in., 200 pages Bible Aids, etc. Arabesque, \$6.25; Gilt Edge, 1 clasp, \$8.25; Full Gilt, 2 clasps, \$11. "BELDEN: THE WHITE CHIEF," for Winter Evenings. 36th 1,000 ready. "THE AMERICAN FARMER'S HORSE BOOK;" The standard 46th 1,000 ready. Epizootic Treatments, etc. C. F. VENT, New York and Cincinnati. VENT & GOODRICH, Chicago. 899-902

TO THE WORKING CLASS, male or female, \$60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable packages of goods to start with sent free by mail. Address, with 6 cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Courtlandt St., New York. 899-101



REED & BARTON, MANUFACTURERS OF FINE ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE-WARE.

The product of their works embrace every variety of TABLE-WARE, such as

TEA & DINNER SETS, CAKE-BASKETS, FRUIT-STANDS, ICE-PITCHERS, WATER SETS, EPERGNES, CANDELABRAS, SPOONS & FORKS, ETC.

In every article they manufacture, of whichever class, they maintain the same high standard in design, quality and finish for which their Ware has been so long (nearly fifty years) so justly celebrated.

Their goods can be purchased of most dealers in Silver and Silver-Plated Ware; also at their salesrooms

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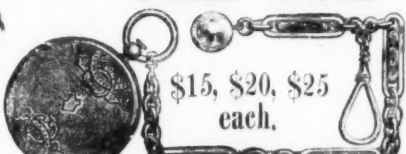
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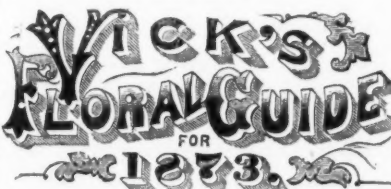
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